



LOOKING FORWARD

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and Independent



July 16, 1930

▶▶ ONE OF THE QUESTIONS most often asked us by those subscribers whom we meet personally, is in regard to the Outlook's With Our Readers page, where are printed some of the letters we receive. Personally, it requires only a casual glance to see that most of the letters we print are, to put it mildly, extraordinarily derogatory to the Outlook and Independent. Haven't we any friends, we are asked; and if so why do we print the howls of our enemies?

▶▶ THE ANSWER is that we print these letters because an expression of opinion is one of the most interesting things of life. It is true that some of the worst of the knocks we receive come from casual news-stand buyers of the Outlook and not from our regular subscribers. We print these because we have a sense of humor, and we want the great bulk of our readers to enjoy the things we enjoy. Many of the other letters are published because they express a point of view sincerely held by the writer, and we do not believe it the part of a journal like this to stifle discussions. Only through expressions of opinions from many people scattered widely throughout the country can we know what people are thinking. In addition, some of the best discussions we ever listened to were ignited by some of the worse statements we ever heard. So that even the bitterest of attacks can be made to serve for other things than amusement, if the reader is interested in the subject.

▶▶ WHEN SUCH LETTERS seem a trifle insulting, we are reminded of the story of the theologian at the Court of James the First, who was being worsted in the argument and spat in his opponent's face. "That," said the latter, quietly wiping his cheek with his handkerchief, "is only a digression. Let us now resume the argument." No journal of this kind worth its salt can afford to be without enemies. We expect to have more every year. Our friends merely renew their subscriptions.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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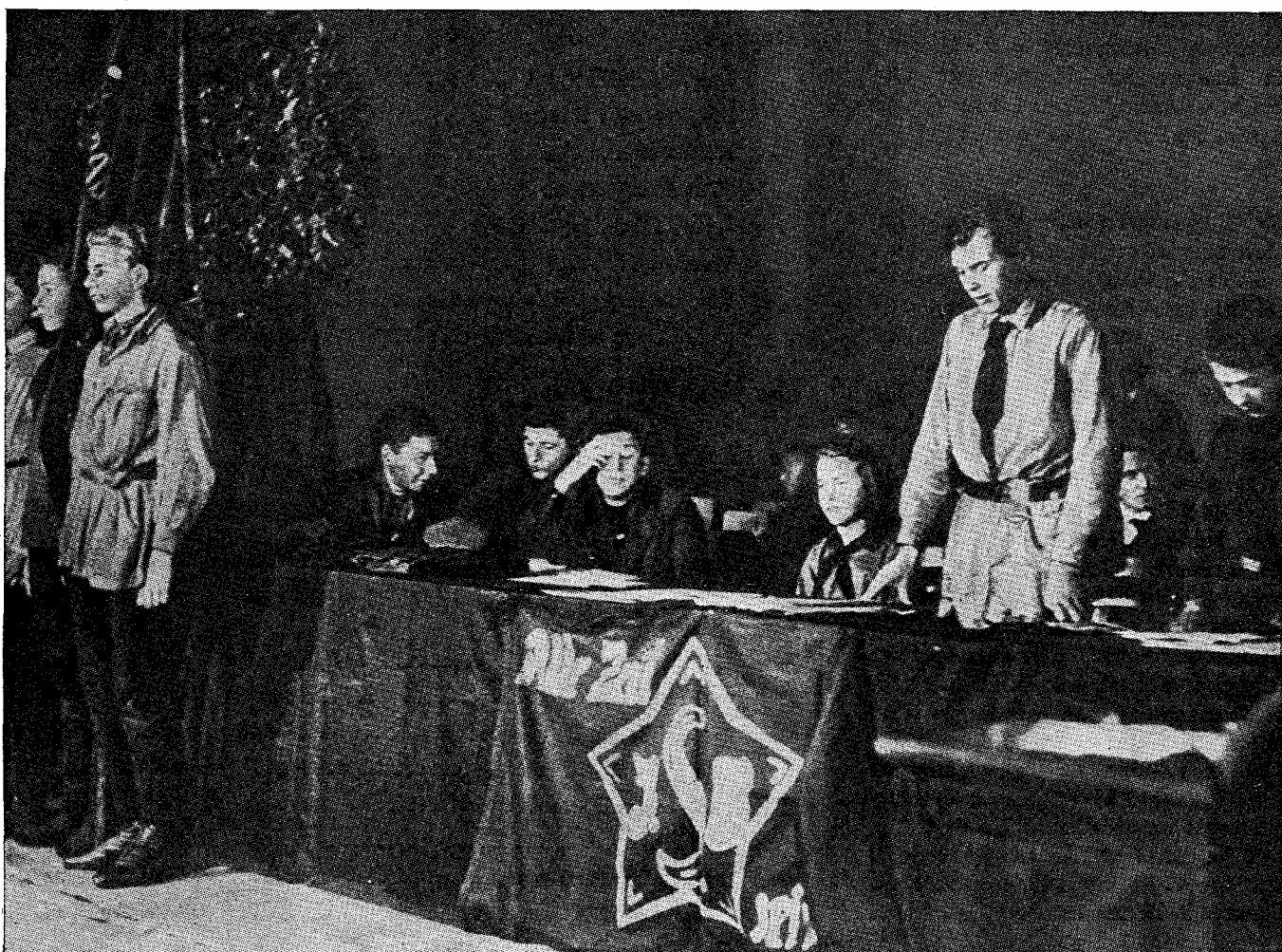
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From "Moskau" (Albertus Verlag)

YOUNG RUSSIA; PIONEER MEETING

OUTLOOK

and Independent

July 16, 1930

➡ Russia Reaches Out ◀

Her Drive for World Markets

By JONATHAN MITCHELL

COMMUNIST Russia has begun an aggressive drive for foreign markets. This is an enormously important event. Russia is now, for the first time, in direct economic conflict with the capitalist nations of Western Europe and America. It means the beginning of a titanic and fascinating struggle.

For several years, the Soviet government has been exporting grain. Now, with the coming harvest, it intends to enter the international wheat market on a grand scale. There it will have, as its chief adversary, our own Federal Farm Board, which at present is the largest single grain operator in the world. Impartial observers believe that our Farm Board faces a tremendous fight.

IN LONDON, just off High Holborn, are the cramped, incredibly busy offices of *Centrosjus*, one of the Soviet trade agencies. Here you will find the men who are to be in immediate command of Russia's grain offensive. Foremost among them is Mr. Frank Wise, an English banker and member of Parliament. There is nothing revolutionary about the appearance of either Mr. Wise or his colleagues. They look and act like the eminently practical, cautious, far-sighted business men that they are.

Mr. Wise and his associates deserve to be considered with respect. As the commercial representatives of Soviet Russia, they are in a position, theoretically at least, to undersell any other nation in the world. Viewed strictly from a business standpoint, Russia's present

Wages in Russia are low, absurdly so, because her people are fighters on the "economic front." They are heroes, paid "in glory." The Soviet, moreover, has absolute control of all raw products, all agriculture, all manufacturing. So she begins her drive to capture the markets of the world and the outcome is uncertain. Mr. Mitchell's article is based on studies made during a recent trip abroad

economic system has advantages which most people in capitalist countries do not appreciate, and these advantages, in the case of the grain trade, are very great.

Russia's grain trade is in the hands of co-operatives and syndicates—*zernotrest*—which are under the absolute control of the Soviet government. The government has no interest in ordinary business profits and losses. Its primary concern is to see that its citizens have enough to eat. It supervises the collection of grain from the peasants, and from the huge state wheat farms, brings it into the cities and, in the form of bread, distributes it to the industrial workers.

As far as the Russian nation is concerned, the remainder of the crop—the part which isn't eaten—has no value whatsoever. The government can afford to sell it abroad for whatever it will bring, no matter how low that price is. This is the thing which it is so difficult for people in capitalist countries to realize. Rather than store surplus grain—which it does not want and is not going to use—the Soviet government will always find it profitable to undersell any other competitor.

A country like Argentina, where grain is owned by private individuals, will find

Russia a dangerous rival. The Argentina *hacendado* has to get enough money for his wheat crop, each year, to pay his operating expenses, or eventually he will go bankrupt. He must be able to repay merchants who have extended credit to him, and banks which have advanced him money. He must pay his

taxes to the Argentina government. If the price of wheat drops very far below ninety cents a bushel, the Argentina ranch owner will not attempt to compete in the world's wheat market at all. Rather than sell at such a price, he will use his grain for cattle fodder, or burn it.

No drop in price can discourage Russia from selling. Lower prices for wheat merely mean that the credit balances of the Soviet government abroad are going to be a few millions of rubles less than they otherwise would have been. That is all. Life inside Russia will go on precisely as before. But a similar drop in world prices might very possibly mean a panic in Argentina, and wide-spread economic distress.

OUR wheat farmers here in the United States, thanks to the tariff and to the new Farm Board—as soon as the present accumulated carry-over has been absorbed—will be in a somewhat better position than the farmers in most countries. Very soon they will be more or less independent of any fluctuation in world prices. More than four fifths of their wheat—in some years very nearly all of it—is sold and eaten right here within the boundaries of the country. The Farm Board, or its various subsidiary organi-

zations, will need only to buy up the rest of the crop, and a little more, to have our flour mill owners bidding against each other for the wheat which they must have. Prices will go soaring upwards, and so, incidentally, will the cost of bread. With the tariff on wheat fixed at about thirty per cent, as it is now, our grain marketing organizations should be able to maintain the price of wheat at very nearly thirty per cent above the world price level.

In order to carry out this ingenious scheme for farm relief, our surplus wheat must be regularly disposed of abroad. If our farm organizations can boost the price of wheat inside the United States to \$1.30 a bushel or thereabouts, they can afford to sell abroad for a dollar, or if necessary a good deal less. Our farm organizations are going to be in a very strong position in the international grain market. They will be able to undersell any other wheat-growing nation except, perhaps, Russia.

A grain war between these two giants, America and Russia, with reckless slashing of prices, would be inevitable in the immediate future, if it were not for one thing. That is the British government. England is the greatest of all wheat-buying countries, and the world's grain market is in Liverpool. You might suppose, at first glance, that England would welcome a fight between the United States and Russia which would drive down the price of wheat and thereby reduce England's cost of living. Exactly the contrary is the case.

After Russia and the United States, the two most important wheat-raising countries are Canada and Argentina. In both these countries, England has immense financial interests. England does not intend to sit by while these two countries are being trampled on in a Russo-American free-for-all. The failure of bankers and merchants in Argen-

tina and Canada to meet their annual interest payments to England would mean a very definite strain on England's credit. It might very likely aggravate the English unemployment problem, and lead to all sorts of other unpleasant consequences.

In placid Whitehall gardens, half across London from the Soviets' *Centros*, are the offices of the English

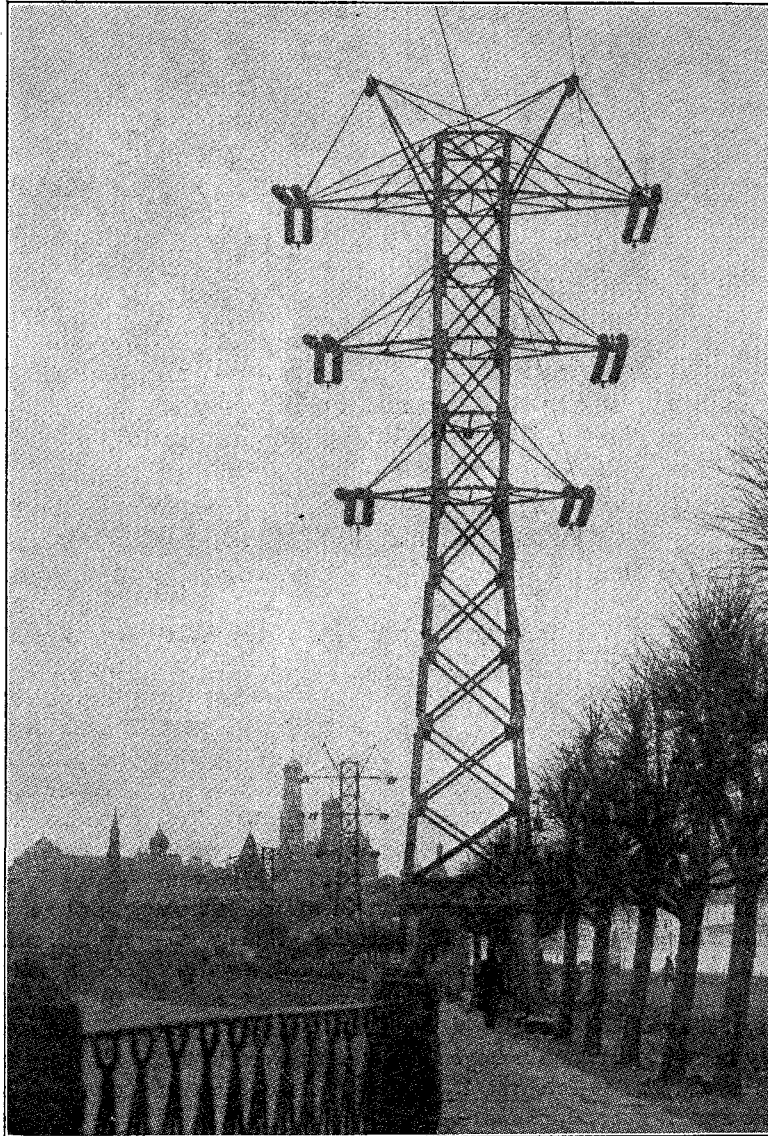
States. Because of statistics thoughtfully collected by our own Department of Agriculture, it will be comparatively easy for the British to ascertain about what it costs, on the average, for us to grow a bushel of wheat. If our farmers' organizations attempt to dump our surplus wheat in England, their representatives in London and Liverpool will be haled before an English customs court, and fined.

It is doubtful, however, whether this law, or any anti-dumping law, can make the Russians behave. It will be almost impossible for the British to verify Russian costs. Ground rent, interest rates, storage charges—the usual cost factors—do not exist in Communist Russia. The Soviet agents at Liverpool will be able to name almost any figure they like, and there will be no way for the British customs authorities to dispute it.

Ever since the Russians realized that they would very probably be able to evade this anti-dumping law, they have been elated. The officials of our American Consulate in London have been correspondingly depressed. There is reason to believe that diplomatic representations have been made to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Labor Government. The British are apparently worried, not especially for the United States, but for Canada and Argentina. At the present time, there is a proposal before the English Cabinet to establish a Grain Imports Board,

which will have power to exclude all shipments of grain—whether belonging to Russia, America or any other nation—whenever it sees fit.

Liverpool's position as the world's grain market has been primarily due to the fact that England has always permitted the free import and export of grain. Many experienced observers feel that England, if it should depart from this policy, would be taking a perilous step. Liverpool would rapidly lose its



ELECTRICAL MAST OF THE NEW SCHATURA LINE
The photographs in this article are from "Moskau" by Alexys A. Sidorow
(Albertus Verlag, Berlin)

Board of Trade. There you will learn that England has what is known as an "anti-dumping law." By the provisions of this law, it is illegal for a foreigner to try to sell anything in England below its true cost. Nearly all countries have similar anti-dumping laws. We have had such a law ever since the War.

The English are entirely frank. They intend to enforce this anti-dumping law rigorously. It will be amply sufficient to prevent price-cutting by the United

preëminence, and Canada, Argentina and the lesser wheat-growing countries which England wishes to protect, would still have to face Russian and American competition in whatever markets took its place.

RUSSIA is now expanding its wheat acreage at a prodigious rate. The Soviet authorities have engaged Mr. Thomas D. Campbell, owner of a 100,000 acre ranch in Montana, to teach them how to raise wheat by factory methods. In contrast to this, farm organizations in America, with the enthusiastic approval of President Hoover, are urging their members to curtail their production. The great grain war predicted between the United States and Russia consequently may never be fought out, after all. Perhaps we will voluntarily give up our historic function as the granary of the world, and Russia will supplant us.

This power which Russia has to undersell other nations is already beginning to have important consequences in international politics. No other government in modern times has possessed so formidable a weapon as the Soviet leaders have in their absolute control of Russia's foreign trade. Other governments can only threaten with their armies and navies. Russia can threaten with a half million bushels of wheat, or a hundred thousand tons of coal which, in this age, are much more terrifying.

Russia's next-door neighbor, Finland, is going through a difficult time, economically. The Finnish republic has had only eleven years of existence, and it has had to borrow heavily abroad. Its chief means of paying off its debts are through its exports of timber and pulpwood, part of which are bought by Germany.

Russia possesses the greatest virgin forests in the world. The Soviet government can, if it likes, sell timber and pulpwood abroad for almost nothing.

The forests belong to the government; the only cost is the cost of cutting. Any time Russia is ready to do so, it can invade the German market. This knowledge keeps Finnish lumber magnates awake nights with apprehension.

Five or six years ago, the Finnish government was violently anti-Communist and anti-Russian. Finland was one of the stoutest members of the *cordon sanitaire* which French diplomacy has

invented in the United States—like pie and doughnuts with a hole in them—and since American companies export great quantities to Europe, this was a considerable feat. Soon no doubt we shall see Soviet coal barges nosing their way into the docks of Newcastle.

As a matter of fact, bitter competition between British and Russian coal is by no means an unlikely happening. For several years, European political observers have speculated on the possibility of a political agreement between Russia and Italy which would include an undertaking, on the part of Italy, to use Russian coal. Italy has no coal of its own, and this lack is the chief thing which prevents Italy from fulfilling the glittering destiny which Mussolini has mapped out for it. Russia, however, has immense deposits of coal, and one of the tasks which M. Quibeshef, president of Russia's Supreme Economic Council, is concentrating on, is the development of the rich Kuznetz coal basin.

Two years ago, political conditions were favorable for just such an agreement. England, where Italy had been buying its coal, had just concluded a secret naval treaty with France, and Mussolini was very upset about this. England's coal industry was then, and still is, in a precarious state. If Mussolini could have arranged to have Italians stop using English coal, he would have hit England in a very sensitive spot, and made England's new alliance with France look slightly less alluring.

At that time, however, Russia's coal production was negligible. It was not producing enough for its own needs, let alone Italy's. There would have been no economic advantage for Italy in an agreement with Russia. Shortly afterwards England, under the pressure of the Labor Party, repudiated its alliance with France, and last summer at The

(Please Turn to Page 436)



Illumination of the central electric system

endeavored to establish around Russia. Now that Russia is beginning to develop economically, the Finns have become much less belligerent, and the relations between the two governments are growing almost friendly.

Pulpwood, incidentally, was the occasion, a month or two ago, for one of the showiest triumphs of Russia's foreign trade. Russia exported a shipload of pulp to the United States, and sold it to a paper manufacturer in Pennsylvania. Since pulpwood was practically

Singing with the Drys

By RAYMOND F. HOWES

BACK in the delicately tinted 'Nineties, the red-nosed, pot-bellied comedians of vaudeville reaped a rich harvest from the prohibition movement. One song in particular they sang from coast to coast. It began,

What do little birdies drink?
Cold water. Cold water.
This should make us stop and think.
Cold water. Cold water.

As the singer warbled on, the stoutest of whalebone stays snapped under the strain and the tears of strong men trickled from the tips of their mustachios. In modern parlance, the act was a wow.

The very heartiness of the guffaws that greeted such parodies attested the audiences' intimate knowledge of the serious Dry songs. John Barleycorn himself, appearing in a Loyal Temperance Legion playlet after the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, sadly admitted,

You have driven me out,
With song and with shout.

Doubtless John exaggerated a bit, but he spoke with authority. His foes, from the very beginning, have smitten him hip and thigh with ballads and hymns. Most of the Protestant hymnals printed since 1800 contain from six to twenty temperance pieces; *Prohibition Chimes*, published by the J. G. Dailey Music Company of Philadelphia, includes eighty-three; at least four song books, averaging thirty-five songs apiece, are published by the W.C.T.U.; and Dry sheet music is plentiful, some of the more popular numbers selling well over a million copies.

THESE SONGS may be used, as their writers intended, for church services and meetings of prohibition societies; they have been found, on occasion, to furnish hilarious entertainment at beer parties; but they are also of some importance to the student of social history, for they reveal the hopes, fears, beliefs, and tactics of the genuine Drys.

Since most of the early songs were first copyrighted after 1880, it is difficult to place them in strict chronological order, but it is evident that in the early stages of the Dry crusade the song writers, like the preachers and professional reformers, centered their attention upon liquor, the saloon, and the

bar-tender. *Who'll Buy?* by R. Ready, with a death-march tune by "Professor" J. G. Dailey, is one of the many eloquent descriptions of rum:

Forty casks of liquid woe—
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Murder by the gallon. Oh!
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Larceny and theft made thin,
Beggary and death thrown in
Packages of liquid sin—
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

Foreign death imported pure,
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Warranted, not slow, but sure,
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Empty pockets by the cask,
Tangled brains by pint or flask,
Vice of any kind you ask—
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

Judging from contemporary records, one must assume that the answer suggested in the refrain was fairly accurate:

Any one or all of you;
No matter what your color,
If you only have a dollar.

Another song writer, W. A. Williams, had the courage to answer one of the burning questions of the age: Where is my wandering boy tonight? His reply, *Down in the Licensed Saloon*, must have brought comfort to many a sad fireside.

Where is my wand'ring boy tonight?
Down in the licensed saloon.
Down in a room all cozy and bright,
Filled with the glare of many a light,
Beautiful music the ear to delight,

Chorus

Down in the licensed saloon.
There is my wand'ring boy tonight
There is my wand'ring boy tonight
Down, down, down, down,
Down in the licensed saloon.

The succeeding verses mar the rather pleasant picture drawn in the first. The boy, it seems, is

Learning new vices all the night long,
Tempted to all that's sinful and wrong,
Listening to the harlot's foul song,

and in general being

Ruined and wrecked by the drink
appetite.

The fault, as an anonymous versifier points out with the aid of more funereal

music by J. G. Dailey, lies with the bar-tender. In this song a singularly outspoken member of the profession explains the purpose of his business—to *Gather Them In*.

'Twas nigh to a bar that had long
been made,
Lean'd a rum-seller, old in the liquor
trade.
His work was done, and he paused to
count
The receipts of the day, quite a large
amount.
A relic of jolly old toppers was he,
And his hair was as white as the
foam of the sea,
And these words came forth with the
fumes of gin:
I gather them in. I gather them in.

I gather them in, both the old and the
young,
To my den of death they're sure to
come;
Some to the scaffold, some to the
grave,
Many to prison, but none I save.
Come father, come mother, come
daughter and son,
And I will ruin you, one by one;
With my rum and brandy, my whis-
key and gin,
I'll gather you in. I'll gather you in.

I gather them to a life of shame.
I blast the fairest, most honored
name;
Make widows and orphans to cry and
moan,
At the foot of Old King Alcohol's
throne.
The highest, the lowest, I do not care
which,
Will soon find their place in the road-
side ditch;
For the law protects me, and it is no
sin,
To gather you in, to gather you in.

IT WAS with songs like these that the Women's Crusade terrified the liquor dealers in 1873. These ladies, forerunners of the White Ribboners, would kneel in the snow before saloons singing, *Are You Shingling the Rum-seller's Roof? Papa, Come This Way, The Missing Light, The Saloon Must Go*, and *Papa, Be True to Me*. Many saloon-keepers, their business ruined, gave up without a fight. But at least one of them, unhappily anonymous, protested. He spoke directly to Neal Dow, the great reformer of Maine. It seems that Mr. Dow, some years before the organized crusade, once personally braved the perils of a saloon. He requested that the bar-tender refuse liquor to a weak-willed friend. Much to his astonishment, the

bar-tender told him to mind his own business.

"My business," said the "rummy," "is to sell liquor; I have paid my money for this privilege. That money helps to pay your taxes, and it's small business for a man to come around here trying to prevent me from doing what business I can and have a right to under the law." The bar-tender was quite within his rights, but he committed a grave mistake when he passed the buck to the government. He gave Neal Dow an idea. It had never before occurred to Mr. Dow or any of his fellow reformers that liquor selling might be considered a legitimate business. The result was that in less than ten years the Drys, under Dow's leadership, had passed a prohibition law in Maine. With that victory as a spur, the prohibitionists opened a general attack on every other liquor law in sight. When the Prohibition Party was organized in 1869, their song writers extended the campaign to include the national government.

To aid this campaign, Celeste May wrote *The Battle Cry*. With music supplied by the ubiquitous J. G. Dailey, she shouted:

Talk ye not to me of license!
Hear the piteous, pleading cry!
Shall our nation sell her honor?
Stop her ears and close her eyes?
Barter souls of men for money,
That her treasury be full?
And a juggernaut of fury
O'er the suff'ring people roll?

What are dollars in the balance
To the wives of love bereft?
To the children, homeless, hungry,
To the mother, sonless left?
What the riches to the millions,
To the millions so unblest?
Hear their cry, ye mighty nations!
Hear, ye heavens, and attest!

That is probably as close as the Drys ever came to sedition, but many of them said unpleasant things about the politicians in control of the government. M. T. Lindsay, to the tune of Mr. Dailey's arrangement for a male quartette, averred,

If your vote is cast and counted
With the Democratic crowd,
If your ticket is elected
And you're feeling very proud,
If you think good times are coming
'Cause you've crushed another ring,
You'll be sadly disappointed—
It's a dead sure thing.

And Jennie Sayre, in *Good By, Old Party, Good By*, offered this comment:

I've clung to the G.O.P. too long,
Its record smells by far too strong.

NOTHING seems more evident from the tenor of these songs of the 'Nineties than the reformers' faith that the Prohibition Party would one day triumph. *They Did Not Hear the Bell*, by W. A. Williams, is almost exultant:

The car of Temp'rance moving on,
Mows down the great and small,
The track's no place to stand upon,
It is not safe at all.
Republicans stood on the track,
They did not hear the bell,
Koo-choo, koo-choo, koo-choo,
Choo-koo-choo, choo-koo-choo,
Farewell!

The Demmies never see a thing,
Till after it is past;
Whatever wrong they once endorse,
Stick to it till the last.
The Democrats stood on the track,
They did not hear the bell,
Koo-choo, koo-choo, koo-choo,
Choo-koo-choo, choo-koo-choo,
Farewell!

But the strategy of the Prohibition Party was faulty, as the Anti-Saloon League, founded in 1895, soon proved. Instead of trying to run over the Republicans and Democrats, the League harnessed them to the cowcatcher and discovered that the car of Temperance rolled along at a highly accelerated pace. Dry song writers have been

strangely silent on political corruption ever since.

It has been a great comfort to the Drys, as their campaign has taken first one form and then another, that no matter what they do God is with them. The Rev. C. H. Mead, D.D., early in the 'Nineties, defined God's attitude toward the rum-seller:

The laws of the land he defies,
And the Statutes of God he spurns;
While the world is filled with sad cries,
As joy into sorrow he turns.

Chorus

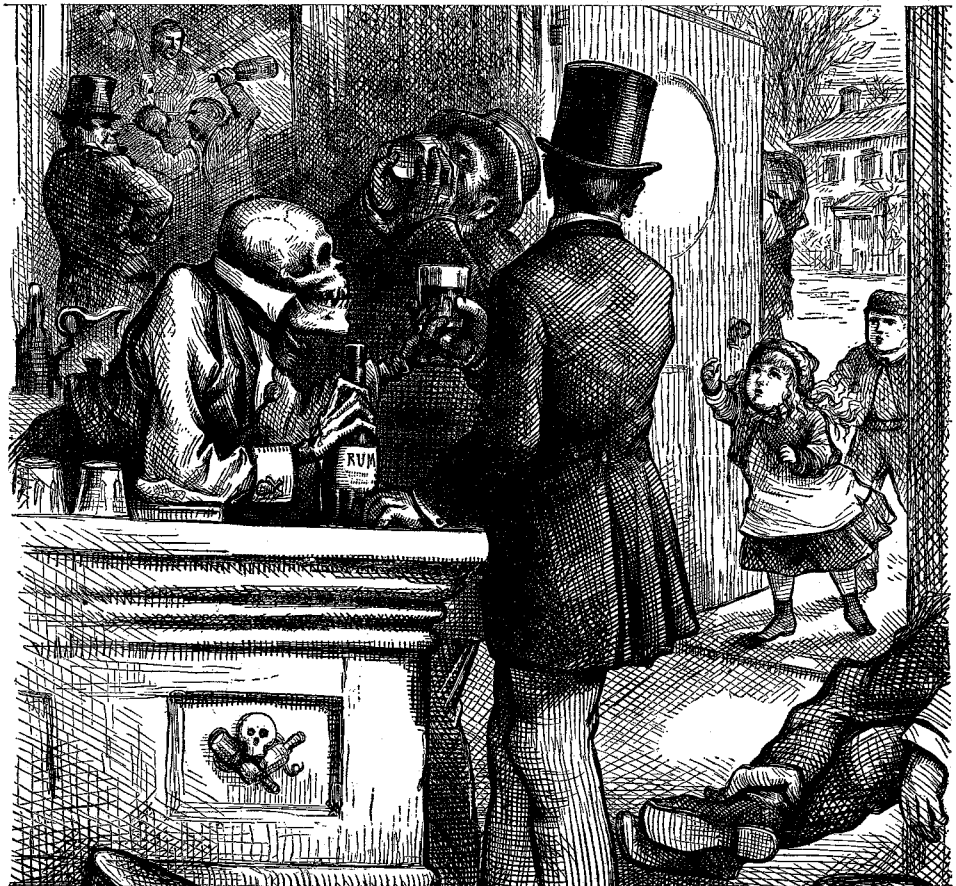
Then lift up your voices and sing,
Let this be our watchword and cry:
"In the name of Jesus as King,
The traffic in liquor must die."

God, at one time, favored the Prohibition Party, as a later song shows.

Awake! ye sleeping Christians
And arise you for the fight,
Be true to home and fireside;
Defend them by your might;
Vote not with either party,
Existing now by fraud,
But at our next election,
For country, home, and God.

Later He was to receive credit for passing the Eighteenth Amendment.

Despite their close acquaintance with



THE BAR OF DESTRUCTION

Drawing by Nast in Harper's Weekly, 1874



PLEADING WITH A SALOON KEEPER

Woman's crusade against intemperance; from Harper's Weekly, 1874

the wishes of Jehovah, the Dry song writers produced no major prophet until 1920. The mantle fell then, appropriately enough, upon the same Mr. J. G. Dailey who had supplied so many tunes for early versifiers. In 1911 Mr. Dailey published *A Saloonless Nation in 1920*. His inspiration, he tells us, came directly from the Bible:

"God said, Let the Dry land appear, and it was so."—Genesis 1-9-2-0.

(The passage appears in Genesis 1:9. The precise origin of the 2-0 may always remain a mystery. If it indicates the line on the page, Mr. Dailey was extremely fortunate in his edition.

Drawing to him a copy of the *Philadelphia North American*, he wrote in the margin:

My country 'tis to thee
I pledge my loyalty
With ballots plenty in 1920
A saloonless nation we shall be.

(It is perhaps significant that the first line of *America* to be discarded was "Sweet land of liberty.") This he used for a chorus and added, as his first verse,

'Twas an inspiration of divine crea-
tion,
When the Christian throng decreed,
That this boon of heaven, unto
mortals given,
Be from liquor's bondage freed,
That this land of plenty be in nine-
teen twenty,
In the name of Christ our King,
A saloonless nation, its proclamation,
Hear the joyful millions sing.

More than a million copies of the song were sold before the prophecy came true. The passage of the Eighteenth Amendment seemed for a time to hurt its popularity, but Mr. Dailey did not despair. Deserting the Bible for the time being (perhaps he glanced at Genesis 19:30 and found it unsuited to his purpose), he changed the title to *A Saloonless Nation from 1920, and in 1930 the World*, inserting "By firm upholding the Constitution" for "With ballots plenty in 1920." In the latest copies, the 30 has been changed, without comment, to 40. The sales go on.

The same year that saw the elevation of Mr. Dailey to prophethood brought forth a flood of victory songs. The verses composed by Anna A. Gordon, honorary president of the W.C.T.U., for the old tune, *Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus*, are typical:

The dawning day is glorious,
The world-wide sky grows bright,
We hail the holy radiance
Of Prohibition's light!
O God of nations, hear us,
Our trust is all in Thee;
To Thee we'll give the glory
In psalms of victory.

Of late, however, the White Rib-
boners and their allies have become in-
creasingly disturbed at the efforts of
their opponents to challenge both the
radiance and the holiness of the Dry
laws. The titles of recent songs are
themselves significant: *We Must En-
force the Law, Carry On, Forward! To*

*Enforce the Constitution, Hold Fast
and Go Forward, Work for Enforce-
ment Where You Are.* The campaign
against the Wets, in fact, has become
almost as violent as the previous cam-
paign against the government. An
anonymous chorus for the tune of *The
Farmer in the Dell* says:

We'll make the wets skidoo,
We'll make the wets skidoo,
We'll journey to the ballot box
And make the wets skidoo.
If you're a citizen true
To the red, the white, the blue,
You'll journey to the ballot box
And make the wets skidoo.

Perhaps the strongest of all is *Show
Your Colors* by Helen G. H. Estelle.
The tune is *Onward, Christian Soldiers*:

Traitors to our country, we will never
be,
We uphold together law's supremacy;
Rum, the dire invader, from our land
MUST go,
Then shall peace and plenty in our
borders grow.
Stand for law enforcement, stand for
God and right;
We shall win the victory in this
noble fight.

Strangely enough, Prophet Dailey
has not been caught up in this particu-
lar whirlpool. His mantle draped decor-
ously about his shoulders, he has been
content to say that prohibition will last
forever. His most popular song of re-
cent years is called *It Is There to Stay*,
gracefully dedicated to Mrs. Frances W.
Graham, song leader of the W.C.T.U.,
"whose cheering voice has sent the songs
of God, Home, and Native Land ring-
ing 'round the World." Here it is:

By the life of Frances Willard, which
no mortal can portray,
By the lives of faithful women who
have fallen in the fray,
We have woven Prohibition, warp
and woof, in legal way,
In the Nation's Constitution, and it's
there, there to stay.

By a Royal Act of Congress backed
by States in strong array,
By the Court's Supreme Decision,
sign'd and seal'd in legal way,
By Jehovah's Ultimatum, which the
people MUST obey,
It is in the Constitution, and it's
there, there to stay.

Thus has the long-suffering Jehovah,
who has been pushed ahead of the pro-
hibition movement in all its wanderings,
now sympathizing with the drunkard,
now upholding laws to put him in jail,
now denouncing the government, now
defending it, now leading the Prohibi-
tion Party, now the G.O.P.—thus has
Jehovah been saddled with the results
of the Eighteenth Amendment.

⇒ Noises on the Air ⇐

By JOHAN SMERTENKO

SOFT and familiar music.

"One, two, three, four. One and two and three and four. Arms forward, arms upward, arms sidewise, arms down. . . . Good morning, Jimmy Williams, happy birthday to you. Folks, Jimmy is nine today and big for his age. Be a good boy and obey your mother better, James Z. Williams of 73 Polecat avenue. . . .

"One, two, three, four. . . .

"Now the bending exercise. Remember, folks, down on the odd numbers, up on the even, moving the arms as before. One, two, three, four. . . .

"Folks of the radio family, Annie Seed Pumpernickle writes in to say this morning is the first anniversary of their wedding breakfast. I am sure we all wish Mr. and Mrs. Pumpernickle of 14 Baker Street many happy returns of the day. . . .

"One and two and three and four. . . .

"Here is a card saying that Mr. and Mrs. Langs Ince Dodenkopf are celebrating their thirteenth wedding anniversary today. Congratulations and best wishes, friends. Also the same for the John Poiriers who are beginning the fifth year of bliss. . . .

"Now every one get into a prone position for the leg exercises. One, two, three, four. One and two and . . ."

Thus, at 6:45 a. m., it begins. Until the small hours of the night it continues unabated, blaring forth daily millions of words and millions of notes for millions of listeners. How is it to be reconciled with the claims of after-dinner speakers and anniversary orators that radio, like Gutenberg's invention, marks a new epoch in the progress of civilization, that it is the distinctive contribution of our age to the enlightenment and education of mankind, every bit as important as the wooden printing blocks of the Middle Ages?

For me, the question arose when the din of a jazz band coming through the efficient and inevitable loud-speaker of a speakeasy suddenly ceased and in contrast to our own voices, pitched to carry above the noise, we heard the dulcet accents of an announcer:

Ladies and Gentlemen of the radio audience, it is seldom that authors and critics agree on anything and it is therefore our particular pleasure to present tonight an author and critic in complete harmony on one subject. Mr. Elmer Davis, the noted critic of the New York *Herald-Tribune* will speak on Mr. Elmer Davis, the equally noted novelist. . . .

KER—CHEE—CHUMPF, KER—CHUMPF—and another jazz band was repeating the din of the moment before.

How many dials, I wondered, moved simultaneously with this one and left the noted critical opinion in the cold air

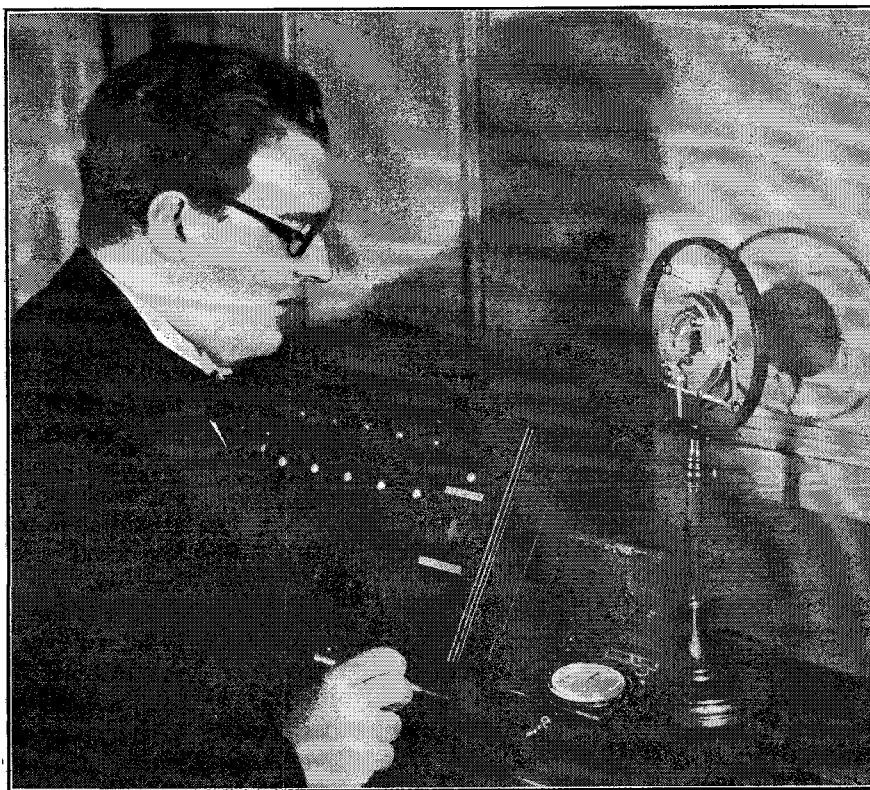
beauty, of wisdom and pleasure is offered to our world? How near are we to another Renaissance because again the undeveloped masses of mankind are stimulated by the highest products of the human mind; products so easily communicated through this new and all-pervasive medium? Who are the men behind these "programs"? What are their incentives and purposes, standards and ideals?

For almost a year I have been on the lookout for facts, direct and incidental, which answer these questions. They range from "fan letters" to testimony before congressional committees, from listeners' duration contests—acme of absurd futility—to a statistical analysis of the radio survey made by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. They indicate the present status of radio and its development in the immediate future. Fortunately, they are not final. Indeed, the most encouraging

aspect of these facts is that they show a pathetically anxious groping for some unique collimator which would fix the line of direction for all the energy and activity that is now blindly sent into space.

I refer, of course, only to broadcasting in America. At the very outset one must divorce the American activity from the functioning of radio elsewhere. With a few insignificant exceptions, other countries have organized it as a government institution, subvented in some cases and in others supported by an annual commodity tax ranging from one to three dollars per set. Its programs are

controlled by specially appointed bodies whose policies are avowedly educational in a broad cultural sense. In Russia, the radio is one of the most powerful agencies for the awakening of an illiterate nation; in Great Britain it has galvanized the intellectual activities of all



National Broadcasting Company

"M. J. Cross, announcing"

above the chimneys? How many dials are there, anyway? What else are they turned to besides jazz, prize-fights and football games? What effect are these noises having on the people and how true is the analogy between broadcasting and printing? How much of knowledge and



National Broadcasting Company

The Empire Builders

classes.. At a recent conference of the British Library Association it was reported that "the formation of wireless discussion groups was part of the accepted policy of the public libraries committee," and that a tremendous increase in the number of book borrowers can be traced directly to the radio talks and lectures.

The following typical daily announcement in the Manchester Guardian of the highlights of a program indicates some of the reasons for this interest:—

The opera is *The Mikado*. Listeners to all stations except 5GB are taken over to the theatre at a quarter past eight, in time for the overture, and the broadcast continues until nine o'clock. At 10:12 it is resumed for the final fifty minutes of the play.

The interval between the two broadcasts will be filled with two plays; *Tony Kytes, the Arch-deceiver*, an adaption from a short story of Thomas Hardy, and a "thriller" written specially for broadcasting called *The Safe*.

While the greater number of listeners are at the Savoy Theatre [for the *Mikado* program] 5GB will broadcast a military band concert and some light entertainment of the concert party type.

The talks from London include the first of a new series called *After-War Social Tendencies*. The lecturer is Dr. C. Delisle Burns, who is Stevenson Lecturer in the University of Glasgow and the author of several books on social history. This evening at 7:25 he is to speak of "new tastes" in food, fashions, amusements, not all of which are entirely post-war. Later in the month he will discuss "mechaniza-

tion and personality."

On the Continent, Berlin at 7:45 broadcasts a concert of Danish music, which will conclude at about eleven o'clock with one of Nielson's symphonies. Nielson is well-known in Scandinavian countries as symphonic and operatic composer, but has yet to make a reputation in this country. At 11:30 Berlin broadcasts a program including some ballet music of Goldmark. Langenberg gives an hour of orchestral music from seven o'clock, and afterwards a German translation of Somerset Maugham's play, *The Sacred Flame*.

Copenhagen begins its evening concert at 7:15, and will broadcast a symphony of Svendsen, songs of Grieg, and some of this composer's lesser-known theatre music. After the interval there will be a symphonic work for violin and orchestra by Lalo.

At 7:20 Eiffel Tower will give some chamber music; Radio Paris at 8:45 broadcasts opera. Operetta will be broadcast from Rome at eight o'clock—*The Rose of Stamboul* by Fall, one of the mid-nineteenth-century creators of this form of entertainment, and regarded at one time as the equal of Lehar, whose light music is still played the world over.

Besides these features, among the items given in the detailed schedule were lectures on *Bach Toccatas and Fugues* in a series called *The Foundations of Music, English Poetry and Wales* from the series, *Anglo-Cymric Poetry, Sculpture: Theories Old and New* by Stanley Casson, and *The Bedawi of Arabia* by General Sir Wyndham Deedes, in the series *Peoples of the World and Their Homes*.

Great Britain is not exceptionally superior, although more active, than other countries. A glance at the programs of all the important cities of Europe published daily in the *London Times* reveals that in each of them an adult intelligence is endeavoring to furnish interesting entertainment and instruction for adult minds.

Equally obvious is the puerility of those minds which day after day find amusement in the forced inanities of the radio comedians of entertainment under the titles of "Xykophonomania," "Gloom Chasers," "Boop-oop-a-doop" and "Nit Wit Hour." The ancient fakers who have battened since time immemorial on gaping gulls ply their old trade in talks on "Phrenology" and "Star Gazing;" the up-to-date confidence

men offer "Personality Plus," inspirational hours and new religions. The patent-medicine quack has boldly come forth with hygienic lectures and health talks which sell electric, chemical, magnetic, and "ionizer" cure-alls for abnormal blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, enlargement of the heart, kidney trouble, diabetes, rheumatism, hemorrhoids, insomnia, (I am truly quoting) dropsy, neuritis, sciatica, cystitis, chronic constipation, indigestion, arthritis, adiposity, and anæmia. Each insists it is the only remedy for all these ills as well as other ailments, and each supports its claims with the usual patent-medicine testimonials from the usual small towns of Ohio and Indiana.

This is flagrant fraud and was never broadcast over the larger and more affluent stations. But hardly less flagrant are the efforts of every vendor, whether of catsup or of ballet dancing, to bamboozle the great American public. "Morning talks, presented for women," asseverates *Radio Broadcast*, a magazine devoted to the interests of the radio, "are little more than blatant and direct advertising of the most forlorn and discouraging type." It continues to point out that such uninteresting sales-talks will lose customers for radio sets but it agitates less for improved programs than for a campaign to make radio fans "style conscious" and thus "lay the

foundations for a maintained ratio of replacement sales."

Perhaps this particular emphasis is due to the realization that no amount of fulminating and agitating can change conditions materially under the present system. In America, advertising is the foundation of broadcasting. The broadcasting station is a private enterprise for profit (there are 630 of them) which costs something between one and two hundred thousand dollars to install and between seventy-five and one hundred thousand dollars for annual upkeep. The returns on this initial investment and large yearly expenditures come from the sale of "time" to any and all who wish to be heard through the air. The rate varies, although the larger stations are trying to achieve uniformity, but it is everywhere sufficiently large to make a customer exceedingly desirable. An hour's time from one of the better stations at Spokane costs about one hundred and fifty dollars while twice that sum will purchase a quarter of an hour from the more important stations in New York. If you are planning to sell your combination corkscrew and auto-jack in a big way, however, you will apply to the Columbia Broadcasting System or to the National Broadcasting Company for a chain of stations. The latter will

of forty-seven cities is yours for a mere \$10,180 per hour.

Naturally the merchant who spends something between two hundred and ten thousand dollars a week for radio advertising wants to have the best possible barker for his merchandise and the most effective ballyhoo. The temptation to make a direct advertising appeal is strong; but the fear that a sales talk will find no listeners is stronger. Hence the dodges, the subterfuges and the disguises; hence the "home hours," the "hair beauty" and "thrift" talks, the "A B C of Milk," and so forth. These programs are organized to furnish the maximum amount of promotion with the minimum amount of entertainment or information. They dramatize the sales talks,

through the courtesy of such and such a firm. However, comparatively few firms are content merely with the statement of sponsorship. A majority demand praise for their products incorporated in the announcement. Indeed, in the



JESSICA DRAGONETTE

ruthless Middle West sonatas and symphonies are torn asunder to sandwich blatant hunks of promotion. The music stops; a talk is made; and the musicians resume where they left off. Such interruptions occur two and three times during the rendition of one piece.

First call, for these programs, came on the services of the popular entertainers of stage and screen and night club. An advertising agency believed it had stolen a march on all its competitors when it paid \$75,000 merely for the right of making contracts with the stars of the Metropolitan Opera company. But very quickly it became apparent that the radio demanded and developed stars of its own. Although John McCormack and Paul Whiteman, and Will Rogers commanded, and still command the attention of millions, obscure vaudevillians, parlor entertainers and pleasant-spoken newspaper men have jumped to the fore as the favorites of the unseen audience. Mary Olds, Rudy Vallée, Don Carney ("Luke Higgins,") and notably "Amos 'n' Andy," enjoy a popularity which vies with that of athletic and theatrical stars.

The last-mentioned are now an absolute craze. In small towns no stores do
(Please Turn to Page 435)



FRANK BLACK

concoct incidents and characters to point out the inevitable conclusion: it is best to buy Blab-bitt's bundles.

A less obvious type of advertising is obtained in the "sponsored" programs with which the merchant seeks merely to call attention to his name and to establish the good will of those listeners who feel indebted to him for the entertainment. The offerings range from the broadcast of a prize-fight or football game to that of New York Philharmonic concerts or of the London Naval Conference. Jazz bands, opera stars, authors, politicians, comedians, and famous characters are brought to the microphone at great expense for the sake of the announcement that they are audible



ELIZABETH LENNOX

sell you an hour on the "Blue Network," comprising eleven of our largest cities, for \$3,350; an hour on the "Red Network" of twenty cities will cost you \$4,890; and a truly national "hook-up"

►► The Trend of Events ◄◄

►► A Shocking Decision

THE DECISION of the California Supreme Court in the Billings case comes as a profound surprise and shock.

Nearly fourteen years ago, Warren K. Billings and Thomas J. Mooney were convicted of planting the bomb which killed ten people and injured forty during the San Francisco Preparedness Parade of 1916. Billings was tried first and sentenced to life imprisonment when the prosecutor refused to ask for a verdict in the first degree. Only one witness for the state testified to having seen Billings at the scene of the crime. He, a waiter, was a drug addict and later confessed that he had lied. With the passing of the years the cases against Mooney and Billings have gone to pieces, but both men have remained in jail despite all efforts to win them a pardon.

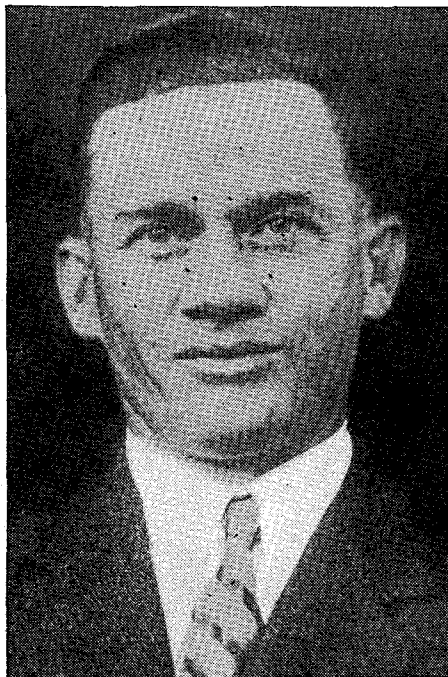
Governor Young was guided in his decision to deny the Mooney pardon application by the decision of the Supreme Court on the Billings petition. According to California law, no man who, like Billings, has twice been convicted of a felony may be pardoned by the Governor save on the Supreme Court's recommendation. Billings, therefore, himself prepared a petition to the court. Persons familiar with the details had assumed that, since the Mooney-Billings affair has become a stench in the nostrils of half the world, the court would recommend that Billings be freed immediately. Indeed, Fremont Older, editor of the *San Francisco Call*, had stated that the court's decision would be favorable to Billings "without a doubt."

He was wrong. Six of the seven members of the court have declared that Billings should not be pardoned. And why not? Because the court finds that Billings really did plant the bomb? Not a bit of it. The striking, and probably the crucial, section of the court's decision declares that Billings was an intimate associate of a radical group who were committing crimes of violence against persons and property; that he was familiar with their plans, and that the Preparedness Day crime, "in all human probability," was conceived and carried forward to its execution by this group.

Hence, says the court, "this being so, it is an almost irresistible conclusion that if Warren K. Billings did not him-

self prepare and plant the deadly time bomb of the Preparedness Day disaster he and his intimate associates and co-defendant, Mooney, know, and have always, both before and since the occurrence of that tragedy, known who did prepare and plant that bomb, and the deadly purpose for which it was prepared and planted."

Never before have we seen such preposterous reasoning from a high State or Federal tribunal. The court's resounding conclusion completely begs the



Acme

IN FOR LIFE

Warren K. Billings refused pardon by California Supreme Court

question. The question is: Did Billings plant that bomb? The court's answer is: If he didn't, he knows who did.

Is it just to keep a man in prison for life because he may (or, of course, may not) know who committed the crime for which he himself was convicted? A backward child in grammar school should know the proper answer.

►► Fair Fouls

LIGHTWEIGHT Champion Sammy Mandell and Challenger Al Singer, staging their debate on July 17, may foul each other into permanent concavity, and nothing will be done about it. From that date onward, no boxer in New York State shall be awarded a bout for being struck below the belt. Thus rules the

New York State Athletic Commission, despairingly seeking to check an epidemic of fouls.

The blow which dropped Max Schmeling into the resin and the heavyweight championship was but one of many recent fouls. When, less than two weeks later, George Godfrey fouled Primo Carnera, eleven major fights in one year had ended with one of the boxers on the floor, glove gripped to groin. This does not include fouls committed abroad or in minor skirmishes here, or such debatable blows as those absorbed by Phil Scott at Miami. It does include two championship contests, the bout between Heavyweights Sharkey and Schmeling and that between Welterweights Fields and Dundee.

Such conditions, threatening to destroy whatever confidence the trusting public still has in boxing, produced the commission's ruling. Is fouling an evil? Then, suggests the thoughtful commission, end the evil by the simple process of saying it isn't one. Boxers are to wear stout protectors, hit wherever they please and devil take the Marquis of Queensberry. Among the beauties of the ruling is this: a low blow which proves a knockout gives the bout to the puncher; a low blow which doesn't prove a knockout gives the round to the punchee. Foul lightly, says the rule, and suffer for it; foul hard and be champion.

Attempting to eliminate false and unnecessary claims of foul, the experiment neatly removes from boxing the last least trace of sportsmanship. It may develop fifty-seven varieties of slugging low. Possibly the protectors will prevent serious injury from single low blows, but they will probably encourage a new technique of weakening an opponent by frequent fair fouls and then going on to "victory." There is, however, just a slim chance that the new rule will reveal one virtue. If it disgusts the public to the point of staying away from boxing bouts until the ring rids itself of its foul blows and generally foul aroma it will prove a blessing in peculiar disguise.

►► The Farce Goes On

IT WILL NOT, after all, be necessary for Mr. Hoover to solicit funds from private individuals so that the Wickersham commission may continue to investigate the observance and enforcement of all

law. As we explained last week, the House of Representatives eliminated the \$250,000 appropriation which Mr. Hoover would have given to the commission for the present fiscal year, while the Senate, reducing the sum to \$50,000, insisted that all of it be spent in investigating prohibition enforcement. Before the adjournment of Congress, however, both Senate and House reversed themselves and provided the \$250,000 Mr. Hoover demanded, plus permission for the commission to concentrate on law enforcement in general and nothing in particular.

We sincerely regret that Congress changed its mind. We believe that the commissioners should either confine their investigation to prohibition or go home. We believe that the commission has lost the confidence of the public because it is making prohibition enforcement but a minor part, instead of the all-important part, of its inquiry; because its recommendations thus far have been superficial; because it is not conducting a fearless and far-reaching investigation into prohibition abuses; because, apparently, it will neither dare nor be permitted to recommend that the dry laws be liberalized; because it is confusing the essential issues of the prohibition controversy and because some of its members are basing their conclusions on their own opinions and prejudices rather than on the facts uncovered by their work.

For these and other reasons we believe the Wickersham investigation has turned out to be a good deal of a farce. Possibly it will improve, now that Congress, by its reluctance to provide more funds, has shown the commissioners what the public thinks of them. But we do not expect it to improve. If it does, we shall be pleasantly surprised.

►►Next!

THE UMTEENTH reorganization in prohibition enforcement took place at midnight on the thirtieth day of June. At that time, on that date, the prohibition unit was transferred from the Treasury Department to the Department of Justice. Followed the inevitable, meaningless shake-up.

In New York City, situated in one of the wettest of the many wet districts, a man named Campbell went out of the prohibition administrator's office while a man named McCampbell went in. Probably their names are no more alike than their accomplishments will prove to be. On July 1, 1927, Maurice Camp-

bell became administrator declaring that he was an enthusiastic prohibitionist and that, within constitutional limits, he would vigorously enforce the dry laws. On July 1, 1930, Andrew McCampbell became administrator declaring that he was an enthusiastic prohibitionist and that, within constitutional limits, he would vigorously enforce the dry laws. But Mr. Campbell didn't because he couldn't, and Mr. McCampbell won't because he can't. Given innumerable millions, perhaps billions, of dollars annually with the privilege of disregarding constitutional rights and it might be possible to halt the New York liquor traffic. Otherwise, the task is hopeless.

Mr. Campbell left office declaring



Underwood

TO DRY THE UNDRYABLE

Andrew McCampbell becomes prohibition administrator at New York

that prohibition is a mistake and advocating "the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment before the nation is consumed in the fires of its consequences." Since he resigned on learning that he was to be shifted to Boston, sore-headedness is said to account for both his change of heart and his charge that enforcement was handicapped by Republican politics in and out of the Treasury Department. As long ago as February, however, Mr. Campbell practically admitted the futility of his work. "New York today," he said, "has less prohibition than it had before Federal prohibition." From this admission to his plea for repeal was but a step.

If Mr. Campbell was handicapped by politics, Mr. McCampbell will likewise be handicapped by politics, for politics and prohibition go hand in hand. If Mr. Campbell failed, Mr. McCampbell will

likewise fail. And if Mr. Campbell eventually became a wet, will Mr. McCampbell likewise become one? If Mr. McCampbell is open to conviction, we believe that he may.

►►Advt.

AMERICANS! START THE DAY RIGHT!

Take Dr. Coolidge's
Simple Faith Tablets
And
Smile At Hard Times

Compounded after his tested formula of spiritual values, homely wisdom, brevity, ambiguities and pat bromides, DR. COOLIDGE'S SIMPLE FAITH TABLETS, distributed through the entire country by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, are warranted to soothe and ennoble

They Will Not Quicken The Pulse
They Will Not Surprise
They Will Not Jar

LISTEN TO THESE EXTRACTS

Tablet No. 1
"We need more faith in ourselves"

Tablet No. 2
"We must . . . with deeper faith . . .
work out our own salvation"

Tablet No. 3
"Faith without works is vain"

Millions of appreciative customers are
sending such testimonials as these:

Dear Dr. Coolidge:

I spelled out how you said the founders of the U. S. A. sought to live in things of the spirit and put first things first and it made me feel good.

Constant Reader

Dear Dr. Coolidge:

That was a fine write-up you had about how everybody should pay their bills and there would be no more hard times. I wish everybody would pay me what they owe me.

Mother of Ten

REFRESHING! RESTORING!
PACIFYING!

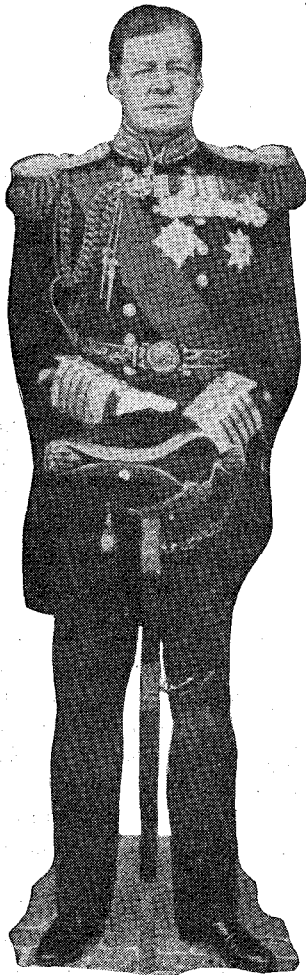
Are you out of a job?
Are you worried?
Are you broke?

DR. COOLIDGE WILL CONSOLE YOU
Don't Miss! Don't Be Remiss!

TAKE
DR. COOLIDGE'S
SIMPLE FAITH TABLETS
EVERY MORNING

►► Ratify It

AS WE UNDERSTAND IT, the London naval treaty leaves the United States at the mercy of Great Britain while leaving Great Britain at the mercy of the



Keystone

SEA DOG GROWLS

Earl Beatty, British Admiral, denounces London naval treaty

United States. A unique and confusing fact, but a fact nevertheless. Read the statements of British and American die-hards and see.

A month ago, Winston Churchill intimated that Britain would practically sign her own death warrant if she ratified the naval treaty. Two weeks ago, Senators Johnson, Moses and Robinson of Indiana, in a minority report of the Foreign Relations Committee, said in so many words that the treaty "may imperil our vast sea-borne commerce and endanger our country's future."

The minority report held that the London treaty ends the old 5-5-3 naval ratio for America, Britain and Japan; deprives us of our superiority in destroyers and submarines without material compensation; denies us the kind and number of cruisers we need; allots

too many ships to Japan and fails to give us parity with Great Britain. It also pointed out that a whole string of admirals had testified against the treaty before the Foreign Relations Committee, while only two—one of them Admiral Pratt, commander-in-chief of the fleet—testified for it.

Interestingly enough, just two days after the Johnson-Moses-Robinson report, Earl Beatty declared that enlightened British naval officers "condemned the treaty absolutely as one which will render the [British] navy impotent and incapable of performing the services for which it existed." To sign the treaty, he said, would be an "appalling blunder." Earl Jellicoe agreed. So you see how it is: British (American) admirals are convinced that the treaty makes America's (Britain's) navy too strong and their own too weak.

The Johnson-Moses-Robinson report indicated the lines along which the anti-treaty battle would wage in the special session of the Senate. The treaty's opponents are arguing, implausibly, that the London agreement puts us at a disadvantage in relation to Britain. They are also, and quite plausibly, arguing that it effects no great saving to American taxpayers and that the escape clause—permitting America, Japan and Britain to build if France or Italy does—impairs the idea of naval limitation.

Yet it does not follow that, because the treaty does not go far enough, it should be rejected. To defeat it would be to renew unlimited naval competition, stir up international hatreds and give the cause of disarmament a crushing setback. The treaty may not amount to much, but it amounts to something. It should, therefore, be ratified.

►► Rhineland Freed

THE FIRING CEASED twelve years ago, but the military phase of the War did not close until June 30, 1930. On that date the French tricolor floated down from the Grand Ducal Palace at Mainz, marking an end to Allied occupation of the Rhineland. On the same day, the last French soldiers took train for home, leaving their quarters to townsfolk pushed out of them eleven years ago. On the same day, too, the remaining officials of the Interallied Rhineland Commission shut up their desks for good. Happy to be free of foreign domination, the Rhineland's inhabitants dispatched their former foes with cheers, reserving their anger for luckless com-

patriots who, in 1921, had advocated a Rhenish republic independent of Germany. Prolonged diplomatic negotiations came to a successful conclusion as the evacuation ended. Under the Treaty of Versailles, the Allies were entitled to occupy the Rhineland until 1935, or even longer if they believed that Germany had not lived up to her agreements. Hateful to the Germans, the occupation soon grew unpleasant to all the Allies save France and Belgium. When France angrily marched into the Ruhr in 1923, the Americans marched out. British troops remained as a check less on Germany than on the continental allies. In 1926, at Thoiry, the late Dr. Stresemann, German Foreign Minister, proposed evacuation to M. Briand as a concession by France in return for broad financial concessions by Germany. Three years later came the Young Plan. At the ensuing Hague Conference, France, badgered by Chancellor Snowden of Great Britain, agreed to withdraw on June 30 of this year. The bargain was kept to the minute.

Yet many Frenchmen view the withdrawal doubtfully. Though France has



EVACUATED TERRITORY
Map shows Rhineland in its relation to France and the rest of Germany

developed the largest army in the world, as well as numerous international alliances and other safeguards of her security, they nevertheless recall the fears

which, at the close of the War, led to the demand that French boundaries be extended northward to the bank of the Rhine. Elsewhere the evacuation evoked different sentiments. All Germany, naturally, rejoiced. The rest of the world congratulated itself that another sore spot had at last been left to heal.

►► Franco-Italian Tension

BUT IF THE Rhineland sore spot has been left to heal, the Franco-Italian sore spot grows steadily more inflamed. Relations between France and Italy were uneasy before the naval conference at London. They have been frankly hostile ever since.

Fundamentally, the trouble between the two nations springs from the fact that France is a satisfied, Italy a dissatisfied, country. France is all for preserving things as they are; Italy all for upsetting them to her own advantage. Thus it is the French Foreign Minister, Aristide Briand, who advocates a federation of continental nations, or so-called United States of Europe. Thus it is Premier Mussolini, who, in a recent interview printed in a French newspaper, declares that, before such a federation can be born, "before tranquillity is restored," the peace treaties which ended the War must be revised. Thus it was Italy which demanded naval parity with France, and France which dismissed the proposal contemptuously.

When the London conference adjourned it was understood that France and Italy were to continue their naval negotiations until they fell into agreement and each other's arms. Actually the negotiations had hardly begun before they were ended. Even while his representatives were discussing naval armaments with the French, Premier Mussolini launched the series of aggressive speeches which, even in the censored form in which they reached foreign countries, seemed like the most militaristic utterances from a responsible statesman since the War.

France responded with soft words and hard actions, deciding to strengthen her fortifications along her Alpine frontiers, and, in effect, daring Mussolini to put up or shut up. Nor has Italy confined herself to talk; she too has taken steps to keep her powder both dry and plentiful. The strain has now become so pronounced that Wickham Steed, English publicist, suggests intervention by the League of Nations.

One fact, above all others, acts to

prevent further tension, perhaps even leading to a declaration of war, between France and Italy. It is that from a military standpoint France is by far the stronger nation of the two. That fact may irritate Mussolini unspeakably, but at crucial points it tends to make him cautious.

►► World War Pensions

LET'S SEE where we stand on the World War veterans' pensions bills.

On June 26 President Hoover vetoed the bill which would have cost the country \$110,000,000 the first year, with an ultimate annual cost of \$235,000,000. This measure set up the false, and according to medical testimony, impossible presumption that veterans to be compensated by it had incurred their disabilities in the War. Sustaining the President's veto of the first bill, the House passed a second bill with an estimated first-year cost of about \$30,000,000. The Senate raised the rates on this bill so that the first-year cost would have been about \$60,000,000. Then it backed down and accepted the House bill practically as the lower body had written it. This bill was signed by Mr. Hoover and became law.

Yet in principle it is even more objectionable than the bill Mr. Hoover vetoed. That measure at least pretended that the diseases of the veterans to be pensioned were traceable to their mili-

tary service. The measure signed by Mr. Hoover abandoned all such pretenses. Its pensions will be distributed to disabled veterans whether their disabilities were incurred in the War or not.

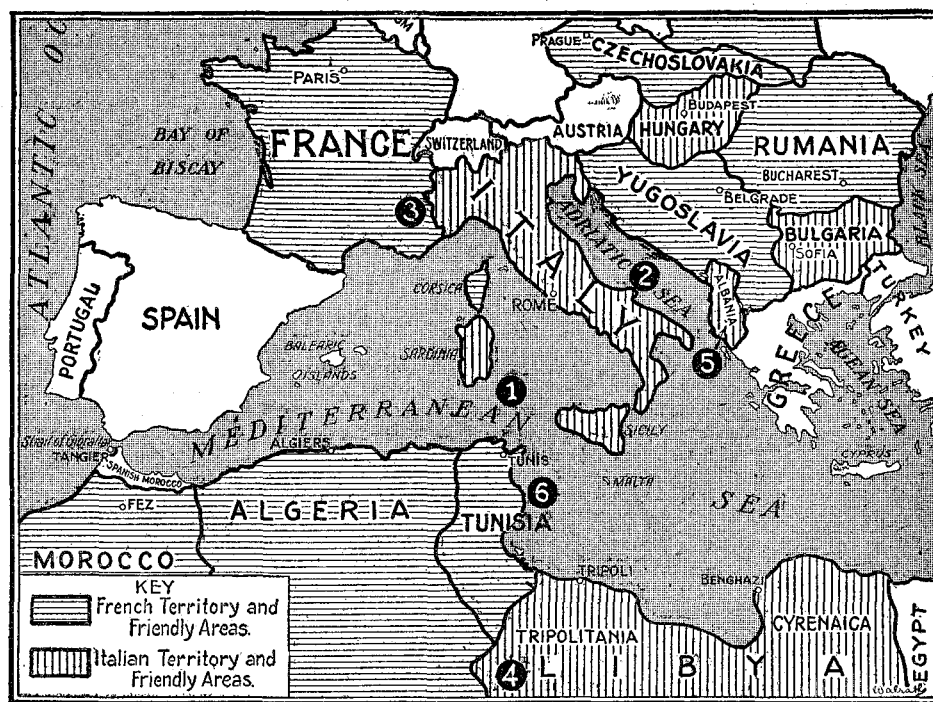
The only important advantage of the accepted bill as compared with the rejected bill lies in the fact that the former is less expensive. Its disadvantages are, first, that it flouts the plan of confining pensions to soldiers disabled in the War, and, secondly, that it opens the door to pensions for all veterans, whether they become disabled or not. If the country is to pass out pensions on this basis it will assume a staggering financial burden.

The Outlook's opinions on pension legislation are amplified on Page 419 of this issue. Suffice it to say here that Congress finally gave the President a bill fundamentally worse than the one he vetoed, a fact which Mr. Hoover either did not, or did not wish, to see.

►► Citizenship Cases

BECAUSE ROSIKA SCHWIMMER declared that under no circumstances would she bear arms, the United States Supreme Court last year barred her from becoming an American citizen. With this tight-minded decision as a precedent, lower courts were soon turning down citizenship applications left and right.

Among the victims were two Canadians, Marie Averil Bland, and Doug-



Courtesy N. Y. Times

WHERE FRANCO-ITALIAN INTERESTS CONFLICT

(1) In the Mediterranean; (2) in the Adriatic; (3) along the Franco-Italian frontier; (4) in Tripoli; (5) in Albania; (6) in Tunisia

las Clyde Macintosh of the Yale Divinity School. To a Federal District Court in New York the fact that Miss Bland would not promise to bear arms outweighed the fact that she was willing to serve as a nurse, and, in fact, had done so, with American soldiers as patients, during the War. To a Federal District Court in Connecticut the fact that Dr. Macintosh refused to fight in a war which he considered morally unjustified outweighed his service with the American Y.M.C.A. during the War and his standing as a professor of theology.

Fortunately, the decisions in both cases have been reversed by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at New York. Unfortunately, the court's conclusions are sounder than the grounds on which it bases them. Handicapped by the illiberal Schwimmer decision, it is unable to find suitable reasons for doing the right thing. The Schwimmer, Bland and Macintosh cases are much alike. When the court strives to draw distinctions between them it gets into difficulties.

All three applicants were willing to do everything that a citizen must do except to fight. Dr. Macintosh was even willing to fight in wars which he considered just. But Mrs. Schwimmer, says the court, is "an absolute atheist," while Miss Bland would "defend the Constitution as far as her conscience as a Christian would allow," and Dr. Macintosh has "an upright sense of obligation to his God." Does the court seriously mean to imply that Mrs. Schwimmer's atheism was an obstacle to her becoming a citizen? Does it seriously mean to imply that believers may become citizens where non-believers may not?

The one general rule to emerge from these three cases is that privileges accorded to citizens should likewise be accorded to would-be citizens. Citizens are not required to fight in violation of their consciences. If the rule had been applied in these three cases, therefore, all three applicants would have been—and they should have been—admitted automatically.

►► Endurance in the Air

THERE WAS little science, but much dogged persistence, in the way the Hunter brothers stretched the world's continuous flight record to 553 hours, 46 minutes, 30 seconds. From June 11 to July 4 John and Kenneth Hunter alternately piloted their second-hand cabin monoplane over Chicago. They covered 41,475 miles; completed 223 contacts with the refueling plane operated by their brothers, Walter and Albert; added more than 133 hours to the year-old record of Dale Jackson and Forest O'Brine, and touched it all off with a perfectly executed three-point landing squarely in the center of fame and fortune.

The quartet wandered into the city from Sparta, Illinois. Mother was along, and a school-teacher sister, to look after the cooking. There were also a wife, a fiancée and a handful of village cronies. Chicago wasn't much interested, though Kenneth and John had made a 294-hour flight there last fall. Their 70,000-mile-worn plane, the City of Chicago, seemed presumptuously named. Their goal seemed fantastic for boys trained in downstate backlots and pastures. Three

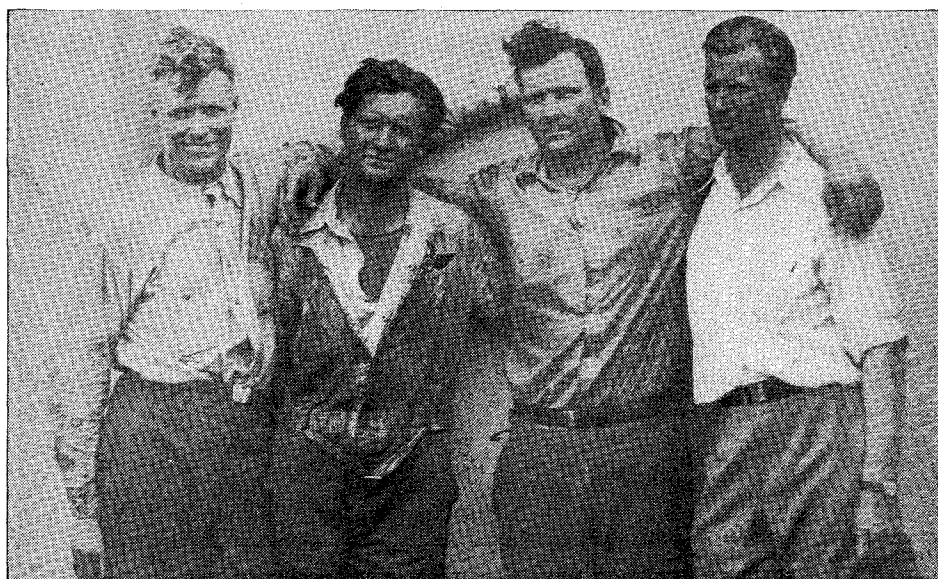
weeks later veteran pilots were admitting that the lads could fly, while managers, ex-managers and would-be managers squabbled over the fortune and Chicago was this way and that way with excitement.

It was a family triumph. The brothers worked together as brothers do—quarreled, threatened to land, threatened to jump out in parachutes, scribbled oddly illiterate notes, talked over the radio, and kept on flying. As they began to count sunrises by the dozen, the nation came to view the exploit with interest normally reserved for Mr. Babe Ruth's home run record. The clogging of an oil line, forcing the endurance plane down at the start of the twenty-fourth day, was comparable to a fractured thumb in the middle of a world's series. Except that Mr. Ruth's thumbs are of more moment to baseball than was the Hunter flight to aviation.

Whatever aviation has learned from the Hunters was already known after the Jackson-O'Brine flight of a year ago. The Hunters covered more than 40,000 miles, the pilots of the St. Louis Robin more than 30,000—or 5,000 more than the distance around the earth at the equator. The 77 refueling contacts by Jackson and O'Brine were sufficient to convince any one that refueling could be done with ease and safety. Yet Jackson and O'Brine are preparing to extend the Hunters' record, and the Hunters stand ready to take off again when and if they are surpassed. Were these fliers as interested in aviation as they are in hurrahs and fortune-making records, they might try to develop and adapt refueling for practical and commercial, as well as stunting, purposes. Some one will do that and, so doing, may pick up a fortune himself.

►► Chicago's Campaign

PROBABLY THE *Chicago Tribune* is heartsick. Certainly it has good reason to be. Hard on the heels of its silly advertisements declaring that "crimes in Chicago have received a prominence out of proportion to their number" came the murder of its own police reporter, Alfred J. Lingle. Theatrically, but nevertheless pluckily, the *Tribune* swallowed its advertisements and flatly accepted this underworld challenge to the press, only to find that no such challenge had been issued. Sensational reports soon hinted that Lingle had not been killed because of facts he had disclosed or might disclose in the *Tribune*.



Keystone

AERIAL HUNTERS

Albert, Kenneth, John and Walter, of Sparta, Illinois

Lingle, they intimated, had been more than a reporter; he had been not only a power in the police world and the underworld but a bridge between the two.

There was but one thing to do. The *Tribune* did it by editorially repudiating its employee, declaring: "The reasonable inference against Lingle now is that he was accepted in the world of politics and crime for something undreamed of in his office and that he used this in undertakings which made him money and brought him to his death."

No sensible person will believe that the *Tribune* countenanced, or even knew of, its reporter's double-dealing. There is less danger that the revelations regarding Lingle will destroy public confidence in the Chicago press than that they will take the heart out of Chicago's anti-crime campaign. At best that campaign has been going none too well, as police records for June 29, June 30 and July 1 indicate. During these three days alone, three gangsters were found murdered and \$200,000 worth of liquor was stolen from a government warehouse, while one bystander was killed and another wounded when a group of underworldlings opened fire on another group being chauffeured away from a police station by a police lieutenant.

Yet Chicago's problem remains what it was from the start. The city must convict and punish Lingle's murderer and it must give itself as thorough a clean-up as the befouling prohibition laws permit. Instead of weakening the anti-crime drive, the Lingle revelations should strengthen it, since they demonstrate afresh how far the tentacles of the underworld extend.

►► Chip off the Old Block

PHILIP LA FOLLETTE, young son of the late senator from Wisconsin, will seek the Republican nomination for Governor. As his father's career drew toward its close, Phil was designated as his political heir. When, however, the old Senator died in 1925, the son was too young by two years to accept appointment as his successor. It was the older brother, Bob, who went to the Senate, where he has since remained. Phil stayed at Madison to await his turn. At thirty-three, he apparently believes his turn has come. With it comes the opportunity for Wisconsin progressives to regain the government of the State, lately controlled by the conservatives under Governor Kohler.

Wisconsin people think of Bob as the son of his mother. Phil, they say, is the old man all over again. Short in stature, he has his father's bushy pompadour, the same shrewd nose, sharp blue eyes smiling behind spectacles, and a quick, mobile mouth. He is an amiable chap but an earnest one. As a student at the University of Wisconsin, he was found less frequently lounging on the Beta Theta Pi porch than across Lake Men-

Remarkable Remarks

No one who has money now can afford to defer settling his accounts.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Nobody expects Calvin Coolidge to say sensational things. . . . If the thoughts he is putting forward in his daily editorial feature in the *Herald Tribune* seem restatements of the eternal verities, let it not be forgotten that it does the world good to be told over and over again the truths that sustain the spirit.—NEW YORK SUN.

Prohibition is not the logical solution for temperance in our form of government.—EX-PROHIBITION ADMINISTRATOR MAURICE CAMPBELL.

Prohibition can be enforced.—PROHIBITION ADMINISTRATOR ANDREW MCCAMPBELL.

Return of liquor control to the states may be impossible. The cities may refuse to give it up.—"BUGS" BAER.

It seems to be lost sight of that the Mayor must really have a little time to devote to municipal affairs.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

The greatest loss to the nation is the loss of millions of superior children that would be born if intellectual young females could be persuaded to take men as they are; and not expect too much.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

I'll marry no women I haven't asked to marry.—SENATOR REED SMOOT.

dota where, in the crammed library of Maple Bluff Farm, he joined in the family political conferences. Sundays, he and the co-ed who afterwards became his wife attended meetings of a discussion group, the Walrus Club. When Phil was there, the talk was pretty good.

Before he entered the Law School, where he later taught, Phil had campaigned up and down the State, declaiming with the same fierce idealism that made "Fighting Bob" a popular idol. In 1924, when his father ran for President, the younger son harangued crowds from the rear of the train, while

old Bob and young Bob did business inside with the politicians. Some say he intentionally uses bad grammar in addressing the farmers. Whether he does or not, he knows how to make them yell.

Like his father, Phil regards public life as warfare, though he faces the conflict less grimly. He made a conscientious District Attorney of Dane County, his first office, as it was his father's. He is no fanatic, but he harried law-breakers relentlessly. Resigning this position, he returned to his law business, the better to meet the bills for his wife and two children and their small house in Madison. He devotes much time to writing editorials for La Follette's Magazine, founded years ago by his father.

Probably Phil is quite sincere in asking that he be given no support because of his name, but his contest with Governor Kohler will none the less turn largely on the power of the La Follette tradition. The failure of the progressives to remove the Governor from office on charges of illegal campaign expenditures two years ago inaugurated Phil's campaign badly, but he will soon make a fight of it. A wealthy conservative industrialist, Kohler is the sort of target Phil has been trained from youth to shoot at.

►► In Brief

THE CHRYSLER CORPORATION has made a flat ten per cent reduction in salaries. Proof No. 7,962 that business is fundamentally sound and that's about all you can say for it . . . Among other reasons for the longevity of the Great Experiment is this: Both the Republican and Democratic parties in Washington State have come out strongly against prohibition, yet the State sent Wesley L. Jones, author of the notorious five-and-ten law, to represent it in the United States Senate . . . "The Communist party in America," says Dictator Stalin of Russia, "is one of those few in the world on which history imposes problems of decisive importance." As, for example, the problem of winning over another recruit and thus swelling the party membership to four . . . Senator George W. Norris will be opposed in Nebraska's Republican senatorial primary by George W. Norris of Broken Bow, and somewhere there is said to be some one who somehow believes that the confusion of names on the ballots will be accidental . . . "The nations which emerged victorious from the War," de-

clares Premier Mussolini, "are not satisfied with what victory has given them." Or, translating it into other words, "Italy, which emerged victorious from the War, is not satisfied with what victory has given her." . . . One sym-

pathizes with the hostility of western farmers toward the government's pleas that they reduce their wheat acreage. It is just too absurd to argue that the remedy for over-production lies in less production.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE NOTE numerous indications that Herbert Hoover may yet emerge from his presidential cocoon to demonstrate that he can master the science of government and the art of politics. We do not refer so much to signs of leadership which he displayed in the closing days of Congress as to certain personal traits he seems to be developing. Mr. Hoover, we hear, is no longer the shy person he was when he entered the White House. He looks his visitors squarely in the eye, whereas formerly he was inclined to avoid a direct gaze, and he has overcome his distaste for a hearty handshake. Trivial though these things may seem, to us they indicate that Mr. Hoover is belatedly learning that a high-minded program of reform is worthless without a definite and driving personality behind it, and that politics is a human foible a President may profitably indulge in upon occasions. These things, we suggest, may be the beginning of a new era of White House wisdom.

To our mind, the new Mr. Hoover, if there is to be one, will be the product of desperation as much as deliberation. We break no confidences when we report that his advisers are fearfully concerned over recurrent suggestions that he may not care to run again in 1932, which they regard as a polite warning that the G.O.P. may prefer to pick a stronger candidate. The President's friends do not relish all this talk about Dwight W. Morrow and Calvin Coolidge as presidential prospects, not so much because they think either of those gentlemen would encourage a contest against "the Chief" as because they consider it symptomatic of widespread discontent. So we hear that George Akerson is suggesting to his newspaper cronies that Mr. Hoover would be delighted if Mr. Morrow should see his way clear to accept the vice-presidential nomination two years

hence. We credit this somewhat silly trial balloon to Mr. Akerson's fright rather than to his boss. The latter, naturally, is by no means ready to concede that the business depression has ruled him out for 1932, even though he did admit to "Jim" Couzens recently that "if I ever needed friends, it is now."

This scene, to our mind, is tremendously important for the light it casts on the President's mental state. The two men, we understand, were eating alone in the great White House dining room when Mr. Hoover made this simple but significant admission. Senator

try's dissatisfaction with his regime, and is determined to stage a comeback personally and presidentially even though it means abandonment of many prejudices and theories concerning the presidency and practical politics. If, to his determination and resourcefulness, he adds a modicum of the tact and courage missing so far in his handling of men and measures, we may soon see an entirely new Herbert Hoover in action, and all predictions about 1932 may become premature.

The transformation in the President, we noted, had an instantaneous reaction on Capitol Hill. Speaker Longworth, though he has no deep affection for Mr. Hoover, mobilized his minions against the Senate rebels on such politically explosive problems as prohibition and pension legislation. Mr. Longworth, as a Cincinnati "wet," has little use for the Wickersham Commission, and did not intend to lift a hand to obtain the full \$250,000 appropriation wanted by the President and refused by the Senate. But "Nick," in whom the ashes of ambition still smoulder, eventually leaped through the hoop like a sensible acrobat.

Vice-President Curtis, who has, we believe, heard of Mr. Akerson's partiality to Mr. Morrow, answered all criticism of his indifference to the President's desires by hammering his gavel more frequently and fiercely than ordinarily—a habit which is getting on the nerves of his former colleagues. But the prize performer was "Jim" Watson, the Senate leader, who would merit a distinguished service medal if there were such a decoration for political heroes. The Hoosier statesman seemingly forgot ancient feuds with his 1928 opponent for the presidential nomination and supported his party leader on and off the floor beyond the call of political duty. "Behold in me one-sixth of the President's party," he boasted when only he and five others upheld the pension bill veto. Indeed, we would not be surprised

if his devotion during these trying days had quite erased whatever resentment White House circles entertained when "Jim," commenting ruefully on the President's earlier changeability, asked in mingled anger and amusement:—"How can you stand behind a man who's got St. Vitus dance?" "Jim" did, however, for he's a pretty pirouetter himself. A. F. C.

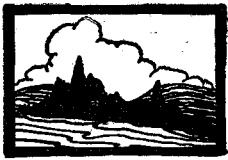


New Orleans Times Picayune

Shadows!

Couzens, we understand, sensed something like pathos in such a statement by him who only a short while ago was hailed as America's Superman. Strangely, it was following this confession that the President roused himself from his low state and fought back with surprising success against his enemies on Capitol Hill. That is why we say that Mr. Hoover is fully cognizant of the coun-

►► Bowing to a New G.A.R. ◀◀



Not since the stupendous grabs of the Grand Army of the Republic has the country seen any such surrender of the principles of representative government as that involved in the new pension bill, passed by the late, un-

lamented Congress and signed by the President. Taxpayers who merely read newspaper headlines get no clear view of what has just taken place. In fact, the general impression is simply that Mr. Hoover won a moral victory over a spend-thrift Senate and reckless House. That summary does not tell the story.

First, the House and Senate pass a bill which Mr. Hoover, supported by facts from Director Hines and Secretary Mellon, vetoes. Then a substitute bill, carrying a smaller appropriation, passes the House and the Senate tries to raise the ante but is clubbed into line by surprisingly vigorous action on the part of the President. The Senate gives in, the bill is passed substantially as the House has drawn it, Mr. Hoover signs it—and lo! a great victory has been won. For whom? For the veterans sick and disabled as a result of the last War? For those meritorious, border-line cases hitherto unrelieved by the Veterans' Bureau? For the greater glory and honor of the United States? Not at all. Despite impressions to the contrary, the victory belongs, first, to the grasping element in the American Legion. It belongs, secondly, to cheap politicians in Congress who will oblige any vigorous minority in order to be re-elected. It belongs, thirdly, to Mr. Hoover because of his success as the leader of his party. All these have the victory, and the measure of it is the measure of them.

►► IN ESSENCE, what is it? A grab, a gouge—nothing more. Under the guise of providing for some meritorious border-line cases of disability it opens the door for general pensions for everybody who wore khaki in the late War. Says General Hines, speaking of the first bill, which carried higher rates than the one adopted, but which was basically less objectionable: "Of the deepest concern to the nation should be the principles being incorporated into these forms of legislation." The principles, he said, "depart absolutely from the original conception of assistance to World War veterans based upon inability to earn their living because of injury or disease arising out of the World War. If we are to depart from the sound principles of the payment of compensation for injury and disease resulting from war service, then it would appear to me that the real problem before us is whether the nation is going to assume responsibility for disabilities among the 4,500,000 veterans which originate as ordinary incidents of life."

He added: "We are driving toward such a stupendous expenditure by the government. . . . as will eventually react against the interest of the disabled veterans themselves."

Let us be clear about it. The issue is not how much of Mr. Mellon's surplus will this gouge eat up. The question is not whether this type of patriot will get more than that. The entire bill is a dishonest raid on the public bank account. Mr. Hoover's talk of proper or improper principles is just as applicable to the second bill, which he signed, as to the first, which he vetoed.

When the country adopted the War Risk Insurance Act

in 1917, it was assured that the scandals of the G.A.R. pension grab would never be repeated. When it granted the bonus it was reassured again. The Legion itself went on record as opposed to general pensions. Yet where are we now?

►► THE AMERICAN LEGION was scarcely formed before the "Gimmes" made their appearance in that body. Year by year they have added to their numbers. Year by year the patriotism of this element has faded and its greed has brightened, while the rest of the membership has lost interest in resisting their demands. The bonus was the first raid. This pension bill is the second. Soon, no doubt, there will come another pension bill, and then another. Unless something is done about it, unless Senators and Representatives are rebuked, another Plunderbund like the G.A.R. will dominate Congress.

What are we to think of a President of the United States who does not see what is plainly in store for the country, or who, if he does see it, ignores it? Cleveland twice vetoed precisely such grabs by the G.A.R., using much the same language as President Hoover did in vetoing the first bill. But Cleveland did not talk of inequalities or deficits. He was immovable because of principle. Ulysses S. Grant was of the same fixed determination. So, apparently, was Herbert Hoover until the Johnson substitute bill made its appearance. Then, having made a noble gesture, he promptly caved in, probably when told that some such legislation was necessary for the party.

►► NOW WE HAVE a brand new method of granting money, based on present-day accidents in civil life and having nothing to do with the War. Were you drafted in the War? Then the government will pay you from twelve to forty dollars a month if you fall down the cellar steps tomorrow. Is this dependent upon your being a hero of the Argonne? It is not. If you were a three weeks' patriot in Texas, if you had even been passed by the draft board for one day's service, the rest of the people owe you a pension for life, although the accident may have been your own fault.

►► OBJECTING TO THE ORIGINAL bill, Mr. Hoover said, "We should either have a sound plan now or should have more time for determination of national policy on established principles in dealing with these questions for the future." Why did he not take his own advice? The War Risk Insurance Act of 1917 was passed specifically to avoid the pension grabs which distinguished Civil War and Spanish-American War veterans' legislation. Both the bill Mr. Hoover vetoed and the one he signed are precisely that, pension grabs. Civil War pension grabs cost the country nearly \$6,000,000,000. Congress and Mr. Hoover have let the country in for another series of grabs precisely like them. They have done this simply because they did not have the nerve to tell a certain element in the American Legion where to get off.

The Editors

▷▷ "The Rest" versus Jones ◁◁

By GEORGE TREVOR

TO YOUR European tourist, Inter-lachen is a name that smacks of snow-powdered mountains, Swiss chalets, milk chocolate, alpenstocks, eidelweiss, and belled cows. To your dyed-in-the-rough golf enthusiast, however, Interlachen signifies a pond-garnished, maple-tree bordered golf links near Minneapolis where a gray-eyed Atlantan is now staging a familiar skit entitled—"Bobby Jones against the rest."

In this case, the elastic term "rest" comprises the flower of the world's golf professionals—men who earn their living by punching crisp iron shots to the pin and by trying to coax a perverse ball into a ridiculously small cup with implements ill-adapted to the purpose.

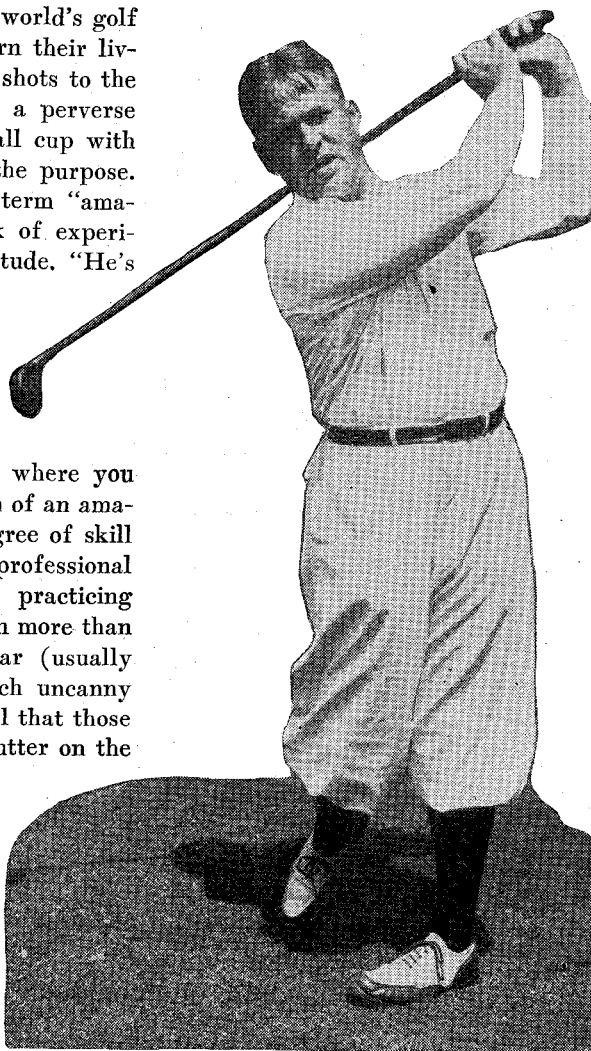
Generally speaking, the term "amateur" implies rawness, lack of experience, unsophisticated ineptitude. "He's only an amateur" conveys the picture of a competitor not far removed from dufferdom, or at best a dilettante.

It's different in the sphere of competitive golf, where you have the anomalous situation of an amateur who has attained a degree of skill several cubits beyond the professional standard. Bobby Jones, a practicing barrister who rarely plays in more than four big tournaments a year (usually only two), has achieved such uncanny control of the tiny white ball that those who earn their bread and butter on the links must be content with minor rôles.

Since he slipped his hoodoo at Inwood seven years ago, Bobby Jones has won three American open championships, three British opens, and finished second four times. When you consider that a national golf title is worth approximately \$40,000 in futures to a professional who has the ingenuity, the personality and the energy to capitalize short-lived fame through exhibitions, advertising testimonials, moving picture contracts, syndicated articles, etc., you can appreciate how much money this precocious Jones boy has taken from the pockets of divot-digging wage-earners. The actual prize money is negligible. It's the side shows, not the championship purses, which en-

rich your golfing barnstormer.

By a conservative estimate, Jones has cost the professionals approximately \$200,000. Although the amateur code does not permit him to cash in on his golfing reputation, Bobby has undeniably profited indirectly through his victories. His newspaper articles—presumably written by himself—yield in the neighborhood of \$25,000



Underwood

BOBBY JONES

a year. Only by winning titles regularly can Jones keep his grip on the public imagination and thus command high prices from hard boiled editors.

Certain newspaper critics have voiced the quaint notion that Jones should retire from active competition and "quit picking on the 'pros'." These misguided writers cherish the belief that Bobby has no right to take bread and butter out of the mouths of those who

earn their keep by the sweat of their niblicks.

Those who entertain this view have a distorted notion of true sportsmanship. After all, the championship doesn't exist for the purpose of padding a professional's bank roll. The National Open is sponsored by the U.S.G.A. to demonstrate relative skill under severe nerve strain, and if the resulting champion happens to be an amateur why that is simply the professionals' hard luck. Inasmuch as Jones happens to be the consistently lowest medalist of all time it is eminently fitting that he should wear the peacock feather, even if it does rob some professional of a modest fortune.

How do the "pros" themselves feel toward Bobby Jones? They think he is "one swell guy." They admire him as a man and respect him as a golfer. Respect is too mild a word. Their attitude verges on reverence. They suffer, indeed, from an inferiority complex.

These golfing soldiers of fortune, who might be expected to harbor petty jealousies because of wounded professional pride, unanimously concede Jones' supremacy. Let blunt Leo Diegel be their spokesman. "Bobby is in a class by himself," says Diegel. "He is better than we are even when he is off his game. Despite his amazing record, Bob has yet to demonstrate his true genius in a championship. It would be an empty honor for one of us to win a championship from a field which did not include Jones!"

In Diegel's last sentence you have the keynote of the professional point of view. The "pros" are sportsmen before they are fortune-hunters. Naturally they crave the money which a championship entails, but they don't want it at the price of Jones' enforced retirement.

The professionals realize that an open title won while Bobby was sitting on the sideline would be a meaningless achievement; that to persuade an amateur to stand aside because he was too good would cheapen the championship and make them ridiculous in the public's eye.

Far from resenting Jones' presence at Interlachen, the "pros" hope he will keep on entering the lists as long as he can swing a club. They want to beat him from tee to green—not by default. Some of them—Farrell, Macfarlane, Armour, Walker and Sarazen—have

(Please Turn to Page 438)

►► Irving Babbitt; Calvinist ◀◀

WHO IS Irving Babbitt and what is this Humanism which has been branded by his personality and tagged by his name?

Until he emerged in public, on the platform of Carnegie Hall, in a sterile and aborted attempt to define his Humanism, he was a college professor who had become almost legendary for the remoteness of his scholarship. He was the kind of man who wrote the kind of books that you respected because the few who read those books, and respected them, were themselves intellectually respectable and respectable intellectuals. You took him on faith because of the aura in which his physiognomy was blindingly concealed. Now, after Carnegie Hall and the attempt at definition, many of us who came to understand left with the cheated feeling that Irving Babbitt was a college professor hard-bitten by a dogmatic conception, or rather, formula, of life. We saw him as a harsh pedantic type of man who has read an enormous amount and has rejected most of what he has read because it was not felt, thought or written in order that it might be fitted into the short and narrow Procrustes bed of his neuter, if not negative, morality.

Irving Babbitt is sixty-five years of age. Few men have been so consistent to their careers as he has; few men have been so faithful to a dogma as has he, faithful in age to an old man's dogma conceived in youth. (I call that an old man's dogma which is more concerned with denying and rejecting than with accepting and affirming.) Sixty-five years of age, he has taught for thirty-seven years, or since the age of twenty-eight, and for thirty-six of them behind the walls of one college. He laid down the main lines of his Humanism—and the right to his use of that word for his formula may be justly contested—thirty-five years ago, when he was thirty. He has not altered his formula except to embrace within it additional aversions. Men like Dreiser, Mencken, and Lippmann are condemned by him under the terms of a dogma which was enunciated when they were, to a greater or less degree, cutting their eye-teeth. Lippmann was one of his students.

THESE are the chief facts of Irving Babbitt's career: He was born in Dayton in 1865, was graduated from Harvard in 1889 and took his master's

By HARRY SALPETER

degree in 1893. After teaching for a year at Williams College, he went to Harvard, in 1894, as instructor in French and has remained there since, patiently climbing the rungs of his departmental ladder to the position of full professor of French literature. His first work was *Literature and the American College*, published in 1908, and his latest, published in 1924, was *Democracy and Leadership*. Between them came *The New Laoköon*, 1910; *The Masters of Modern French Criticism*, 1912; and *Rousseau and Romanticism*, 1919, not to mention the chapter defining Humanism contributed to the symposium, *Humanism and America*, edited by Norman Foerster, the recruiting sergeant of the movement in America.

It must be borne in mind that Professor Babbitt has been expressing his concept of Humanism with plodding patience, in lecture hall, in magazine articles and books almost ever since he became vocal and that it is to others, including T. S. Eliot, the expatriate American who has become a Humanist with an Anglo-Catholic emphasis, that we owe—if it is a debt—the organization of Humanism as an intellectual movement or an obscurantist movement, depending on the view. Babbitt has suffered, rather than profited, through the impresario enterprise of those faithful adherents who have sought to extend his influence beyond the limited circle which his voice and his pen have been able to reach, unaided. That evening at Carnegie Hall proved that a lifetime devoted to the expression of *obiter dicta* in classrooms did not give a man that suppleness and flexibility required in the larger forum of public discussion.

Professor Babbitt's first expression of Humanist doctrine, limited and defined by his own hard nature, was given in 1895, in a lecture at the University of Wisconsin, *The Rational Study of Classics*, published two years later in the *Atlantic Monthly* and in 1908 incorporated as one of the chapters in his first book, *Literature and the American College*. If he himself has altered that definition in any way he is not aware of it and will not acknowledge it, for on the eve of his Carnegie Hall talk, when reporters asked him to define Humanism for them, he referred them to this chap-

ter which had been delivered as a lecture in the year before most of them had been born. By inference, then, the chapter which Professor Babbitt wrote for *Humanism and America* can show no important deviation from the 1895 lecture. If a doctrine is great and true, one need not alter it every year, or even every ten years, but this consistency of Professor Babbitt illustrates the hard, unyielding character, the almost unhuman inflexibility which marks both the man and his formula.

HIS APPEARANCE gives the clue to his character. It is that of a strong man touched by age—he is sixty-five—but sustained by something like faith. He is rather above medium height, a fact that is not obvious because of his inclination to walk with a slight stoop, and his arms give the impression of hanging loosely from his shoulders. His face is rather long and concave. He has a strong jaw and the thin hard line of his lips seconds the impression of decision. He has a large forehead from beneath which his eyes look out clearly and coldly. He speaks deliberately, forcefully, but not harshly, but as one who might be impatient of interruption or disagreement.

What is this Humanism of his?

It may best be envisaged by a few concepts, some phrases and a group of words. The universe is supposed to be divided into three levels. "On the lowest level is the natural world, which is the plane of instinct, appetite, animality, lust, the animal passions or affections. . . . On the third level is the supernatural world, which is the plane of spiritual beings, and the home of eternal ideas." On the middle shelf is Man, who, exercising the power of free will, rises superior to the inanimate subjects of the realm of Nature, which lack those higher perceptions. Man must will to refrain, for one of the basic assumptions of the Humanists is that natural impulse and instinct are, in themselves, evil and must be reined in by the higher faculty, which takes the place of the censor, in the ideology of Freud, one of their *bêtes noires*. Man is deterministic, whereas Nature is compelled to obey certain laws. Against Nature they pit Man's higher intuition which directs his course toward idealistic ends. They assume that Nature, as Nature, is foul. Some of the words and phrases which

show the new Humanistic trend and bias are "Nothing too much," "the will to refrain," "decorum," "restraint," "all things in due measure." To trust to the guidance of Nature, says Mr. Babbitt, "is to discredit the traditional controls, both humanistic and religious." The chief trouble with religion, continues Mr. Babbitt, is that it induces enthusiasm, which destroys poise and the spirit of a gentleman. Which leaves us only with Humanism as the 100 per cent bona fide "control."

BABBITT'S Humanism is compounded of fears, timidities, denials, rejections. It is more dogma than Humanism. It is the rationalization of a thinness of emotion, a lack of impulse, an incuriosity, if not hostility, to all flowerings of the human spirit, as expressed in literature even since the Renaissance, to which period some of the Humanists appeal as the source of their creed. Never having had the impulse which required the operation of restraint, men like Babbitt would like to impose a law of restraint upon men more richly endowed. In at least two essays he has made peevish reference to the fact that Goethe extended his love affairs to the age of seventy. One of his grievances against Rousseau is that he abandoned his five children, and then he goes on to draw this hilariously ridiculous conclusion: "The ease with which multitudes have been persuaded to follow Rousseau in this evasion of moral responsibility puts one on the track of a human trait that one may actually observe in one's self and others, and that gives some positive justification to the theological emphasis on the old Adam." The spectacle of thousands of parents abandoning their children upon reading the *Confessions* of Rousseau is certainly a strain on the imagination. If Rousseau was romantic in assuming that Man in a natural state is good and that only institutions have corrupted him, then Mr. Babbitt is much more romantic in assuming that Man in a natural state is vile and needs Humanism to redeem him.

He has attempted to provide the twentieth century with a creed that appeals and refers to a philosophy and an ethic that were evolved in the scienceless world of Aristotle and in the practically scienceless world of the early fifteenth century in Europe. He limits the realm of science as arrogantly as once did the most obscurantist of medieval Popes. He limits science to the bottom shelf, refusing to acknowledge that Man

can come under the purview of scientific observation. He would outlaw psychology, and Behaviorism is anathema to him. I heard him declare with the arrogance of the man who refuses to consider any evidence which goes counter to his long-since arrived-at formula, that scientific history was the bunk, that economic determination of anything was the bunk. I remember how his jaws tightened and his thin lips snapped to when he made these summary pronouncements.

The Humanism of the Renaissance was a protest against Man's unhealthy pre-occupation with the supernatural, and an attempt to arrive at a human, reasoned conception of life through the human faculty, with the help of the rediscovered Greek and Roman classics. Mr. Babbitt is proud of his philology. At Carnegie Hall I heard him speak with a pedant's pride of having looked up the origin of some Humanistic phrase in the original Sanscrit and speak sneeringly of the use of a Greek quotation in an anti-Humanist article. No one will find the courage to quarrel with Mr. Babbitt's loyalty to Sophocles and Aristotle. But he himself reads out of the Humanist party such founders of Humanism as Rabelais and Boccaccio, reads them out for reasons which only John S. Sumner would appreciate, showing that Babbitt's point of reference is not Humanism, but an obscurantist, anti-sentimentalist Calvinism. It would be easier to say what the Babbitt Humanist accepts than what he rejects, for he rejects so many, and so varied, expressions of the human spirit through the centuries, in poetry, in music, in art, and in every variety of creative prose that one wonders by what process "human" was smuggled into "Humanism."

A Humanist of the Babbitt type is perfectly capable, for example, of condemning the music of Wagner because he disapproves of the librettos of the operas. The fact that he may be anesthetized to, insulated against, music and art and poetry will not prevent him from delivering Calvinist-"Humanist" judgments upon them. The only poetry he would care for would be the didactic poetry of Emerson. I doubt that Homer would appeal to him, since the heroes of Homer did not practice the law of measure and certainly were not decorous. Or has time bestowed decorum on their conduct? Shakespeare is not quite *persona grata* among them all. Mr. Babbitt's pre-occupation with Rousseau as the evil genius of Romanticism has long been known even outside of aca-

demic circles. But some of his less known aversions include: Amiel, Hugo, Goethe, Chateaubriand, Cellini, Balzac, Blake, Shelley, Keats, Verlaine, Baudelaire, Poe, Gautier, Flaubert, Nietzsche, Villon, de Musset, Whitman, Machiavelli, Spinoza and many, many others, including Rabelais and Boccaccio. He opposes such philosophers as Henry James and John Dewey, with psychologists (despite his distaste for psychology) and with scientists who are either spiritual or mechanistic. For example, at Carnegie Hall, he used Professor East to attack Eddington, for the spiritual bias of his astronomy, and East having served his purpose, he attacked him for being mechanistic. Spengler, one of his milder aversions, he calls a pseudo-scientist. Hostile to science as he is, he is entirely too ready to condemn the finest scholars as pseudo-scientists. While the *Antigone* of Sophocles is high art, Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms* is slimy stuff. One suspects that Mr. Babbitt regards desire anywhere as indecorous and un-Humanistic, and is incapable of judging a play or poem except with reference to his meagre bloodless dogma. In one sense he shows a rather indecorous lack of balance: he will waste upon some temporary novelist or publicist as much shot and shell of indignation and opprobrium as he will upon a major scientist or philosopher of at least a century's standing. Mr. Babbitt is head of a club-cult the greatest delight of which is to discuss who shall be blackballed.

UPON the occasion of Mr. Babbitt's recent visit to New York I made an effort to find out who, if anybody; what, if anything, he does like. "It is possible," said Mr. Babbitt, "to like a cook book, a detective story, or a novel. My friend, Paul Elmer More, likes Trollope." He continued: "I can enjoy a good detective story or Wordsworth's poetry—on their own levels." Those levels are obviously, he meant to imply, below the Humanistic. For "when Wordsworth tells you you're getting religious illumination when you're looking at a sunset, that's poppycock, that's sham religion." One might even derive delight from Homer, continued Mr. Babbitt, in a manner implying that Homer did not convey the true Humanistic illumination.

Still, he parried the question of his preferences. "You do not like Dreiser," I suggested. "No, because he treats of

man as a combination of inter-acting chemisms; chemisms," he repeated with meaningless emphasis, as if by that repetition he had revealed the depth of Dreiser's perfidy, "and then he writes badly." (Mr. Babbitt is no great shakes as a stylist himself, the harshness of his own essays constituting the best propaganda against his Humanism.) "But style," I suggested, "is not your real criterion. You do not, for example, like Walter Pater, and he wrote beautifully." I had struck upon another aversion, it seemed. "No, I do not like Pater, for he represents an unsound æstheticism, an anti-Humanism." H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis represent the excess of naturalism. He then told me how badly he disliked John Dewey's philosophy, and since John Dewey's philosophy stemmed from that of William James, then he was averse to William James? Of course! My eagerness to discover which chosen spirits passed safely through the test of Humanism became intense. Apart from his fellow-contributors in the symposium, *Humanism and America*, notably Paul Elmer More, Irving Babbitt accepts, as proper members of his Humanist Church, Matthew Arnold, Sainte-Beuve and Joubert, all of them critics. Persons who may desire to know the names of others acceptable to Professor Babbitt are referred to his *The Masters of Modern French Criticism*.

I charged Mr. Babbitt with having made a bogey-man out of Rousseau, with having exaggerated his importance. He denied it. He said that he had taken Rousseau as the typical figure of one of the most important movements since the eighteenth century, the movement of Humanitarianism, one of the chief offenses of which is that it gives Man a justification for the refusal to accept responsibility for his own moral conduct. Francis Bacon, another aversion of Babbitt's, represents the utilitarian side of the movement. Bacon's chief offense is that he started men on that road to experimental science which is culminating in the present generation in the study of man as part of the phenomenon of Nature which science has a right to study. The Babbitt Humanist denies the right of the Baconian scientist to include man in his province.

"The Humanist point of view," continued Mr. Babbitt, already having brushed aside as un-Humanistic the bulk

of past and current writing, "does not involve the proscription of modern art and literature. The real issue arises when art and literature and philosophy pretend to have a religious or humanistic importance—when they don't have it. Since the eighteenth century there have been produced examples of delightful literature and poetry marred by the tendency to use poetry as a substitute for humanism and religion." What Babbitt means in this fairly modest statement is that though Coleridge and Wordsworth and Keats and Shelley may have produced some nice verses,



Keystone

IRVING BABBITT

they were not quite Humanistic and he judges them for their lack of Humanism, not for their poetry. The question seems to be, not, "Is it poetry?" but "Is it Humanism?" Which is frightfully unfair to Coleridge and Wordsworth and Keats and Shelley, since they could not possibly have anticipated Babbitt who seems to me to resemble a horticulturist who resents the roses that grow with the thorns.

The nature of the gauntlet through which Babbitt and his fellow-Humanists force the seven arts, notably letters, to run shows how absurd it is to adopt Humanism as a literary movement: it is rather an anti-literary movement. It has, however, a positive element in its make-up; it is designed to encourage good average citizens rather than extraordinary individuals who may, perhaps, turn out to be anti-social, as poets

and artists so often are. It is possible for Babbitt to sneer at Verlaine because Verlaine sought to experience life in the raw, that experience including hospitals and a patch over the eye. "It is surely better," Babbitt has written, "to escape from the boredom of life after the fashion of Edison than after the fashion of Baudelaire." He has stated his preference for a Mussolini as against a Lenin, but in his heart he says, "A plague on both your houses," since the necessity of either a Lenin or a Mussolini implies the failure of the inner control in the average man. He resents the multiplication of laws which bind men to do, or not to do, those things which their inner controls, their private censors, should determine for them. The necessity of a prohibition law, for example,

is a reflection on the inability of the average man to exercise the inner control. In the sense that Babbitt needs no prohibition law to keep him sober, he is a better citizen than the inspired poet who will violate the prohibition law because he lacks the inner control. The Humanists may prefer a Babbitt sober—who would be sober whether there was a prohibition law or not—to the poet drunk—who would be drunk whether there was a prohibition law or not. One should not object to good citizens. But one should

object to good citizens who will clamp their criteria on those productions of the human spirit throughout the ages which have nothing to do with good citizenship. However ridiculous the dogma of Humanism may be in some of its awkward applications, one must credit Irving Babbitt with opposing the acquisitive life in America as well as the pre-occupation with material things and with an attempt to effect a mutual understanding between leisure and education which he calls liberal, but might be more so. He seems to be sincerely concerned with the answer to the question: "What are we going to do with our leisure?"

Irving Babbitt has been called by one of his friendliest critics "a man of great intellect and narrow outlook, a man of enfranchised mind and, at the same time, a Philistine." Another has said of him that "he has more will than imagination, more perseverance than sensibility." Professor Regis Michaud, one of the notable interpreters of American letters to France and an opponent of

(Please Turn to Page 439)

Words and "Ads"

PARIS.

By T. R. YBARRA

AMERICANS just now have a double laugh on the French. For years we of the United States have been censored by Europeans, especially Frenchmen, because of two reprehensible shortcomings, viz: our indifference to the purity of our language and the way we allow our rural scenery to become cluttered up with ugly advertising billboards. So outspoken has European criticism been in these two directions that we had begun humbly to believe that nobody in Europe ever dreamed of using a word that hadn't been passed upon by a board of bearded philologists, and that no European business man in his sane mind would ever try to have painted on the side of a picturesque European barn an "ad" exhorting passing motorists to buy his special brand of soup or garters or insect powder.

As for France—why, the average American had an idea that the French language treated foreign or slang words endeavoring to get into it as a buzz-saw treats a friendly pressure from the human hand! He had also come to suppose that whatever French businessmen had been audacious enough to try advertising along pretty French roads had either been lynched or sent to Devil's Island.

BUT—the average American was entirely mistaken! Really, it behooves him to go off into a corner and treat himself to the above-mentioned double laugh on the French, with an extra chuckle thrown in for good measure.

For, firstly, with regard to the intrusion of foreign words into French, the purists of France are aghast at the situation. Words which the classic tongue of Racine and Boileau would have rejected with contumely only a few years ago nowadays manage to worm themselves insidiously into everyday usage, and crawl thence into dictionaries, and, eventually—if they climb persistently enough—get themselves proclaimed by the French Academy as genuinely and impeccably French! Recently, a well-known French writer, with a deep reverence for his native language, cast his eye over the state of affairs and received such a shock that he sat down and penned (as a sample of the what passes as French in 1930) the following fearful and wonderful sentence.

"A l'arrivée de l'express, le globe-trotter sortit de son wagon de sleeping

et accompagné de son *manager*, gagna le *palace*, vêtu d'un *pull-over* ou d'un *sweater* sous son *trench-coat*. Il prit son *breakfast* dans le *hall*. Il alla voir le *yearling* au *paddock*, *luncha* au *grill-room*, assista au *match* de *Rugby* et au *handicap* de *steeplechase*, prit pour son *five o'clock* un *cocktail* avec *toast* et, ayant revêtu son *smoking*, il dina au *club*, y refit son *speech*, applaudit, au *music-hall*, les *Dolly Sisters*, voulut faire du *footing* pour regagner son *home* et, assailli par un *pickpocket*, le mit *knockout* d'un *swing* magistral."

Thirty-two alien words in one short paragraph! "That's French nowadays" wails the outraged purist.

Whether the horror expressed by him and others like him will lead to action on the part of the French Academy, or French government, or French army and navy, remains to be seen. There is no such doubt, however, when it comes to the question of unsightly advertising along the roads of France.

There things have reached such a pass that official action is imminent. Advertisers have really gone too far in plastering ugly signs along drives like the Corniche, between Nice and Monte Carlo, and the pretty roads traversing Normandy and Brittany, and those connecting the fashionable resorts of the Basque Coast. Why, they had come to be as bad as one of our stretches of road along the Hudson! As one French lover of the beautiful put it: "The principal highways of France are rapidly being turned into a tunnel, the walls of which are rows of advertisements in glaring colors, shutting out the view on both sides!"

So, lest it should eventually come to



that, the legislators of France took action. Theirs was a delicate task—for France is a nation with a fanatical love of individual liberty and any one who monkeys with that little French idiosyncrasy is likely to land on his head somewhere in the next county. But the legislators found a way out of their difficulty. A law has been passed—to go into effect next year—which requires that advertisers wishing to post advertisements along French roads, in sections which are still largely free from buildings, must pay a tax enormously greater than any ever levied upon them before. The new rates run all the way from 600 francs per square meter for "ads" of less than six square meters in size, to 2,400 francs per square meter for those with a surface of more than twenty square meters. And, lest a group of advertisers get together and place a number of "ads" on one billboard with a very large surface, in the hope of thus saving money in the matter of the tax due from them to the French government, the Solons who have set out to preserve the beauty of the countryside in France have decreed that, in such a case, the tax shall be augmented proportionately. In other words, two advertisers proclaiming the glories of their wares on a billboard of twenty square meters will not pay, together, only 2,400 francs per square meter, but *each of them* will be required to pay that sum. If there are three in a group, the tax rate will be tripled, if four it will be quadrupled, and so on. No chance here for French thriftiness!

AS A RESULT of this drastic rise in taxation, it is confidently expected that the number of those who can afford to advertise along French roads will be greatly reduced and that the possibilities for preserving the beauty of the scenery will be proportionately increased.

And this result will be achieved without infringement on the freedom of each individual French advertiser to put up as many and as big "ads" as he pleases along the Corniche Drive or anywhere else! Really, the legislators responsible for framing the new law deserve hearty congratulations. It is a victory for the aesthetic sense, so strongly developed in the French people, without being, at the same time, a defeat for that love of liberty which blooms, with equal exuberance, in their breasts.

►► The Stream of Business ◀◀

►► Merger Bulletin No. 1234X

OIL and steel hold, at the moment, the spotlight which plays up the center of the merger stage. The taking of testimony in the government's case against Standard Oil of New York and Vacuum has begun in New York before Special Master Williams. If the court decision is ultimately in favor of the companies, it will be followed by two important developments,—a marketing system covering every state in the Union, and a world-wide expansion program for distribution of petroleum.

As for steel, the Youngstown-Bethlehem proceedings have been tragically interrupted by the suicide of L. A. Manchester, chief counsel for the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company. Urged by Chairman Campbell to take a rest, Mr. Manchester insisted on standing by the ship, and the result was a complete nervous smash-up. Judge Jenkins, commenting on the suicide, said: "A valuable piece in the chess game has been removed from the board, but, cold as it may seem to say it, the contest must go on."

Meanwhile the mill grinds away: Manufacturers Trust Company swallows Pacific Trust; Calumet and Arizona Mining Company will probably consolidate with Phelps, Dodge; the Newport Company and International Printing Ink Corporation are being brought together by Dillon, Read & Co., making a \$25,000,000 dyestuff combination; New York, Cleveland and Nashville bankers are building up a \$250,000,000 merger of insurance companies. More particulars will follow in Bulletin 1234Y. Just now we have run out of merger space.

►► The Knifeless Meat-Market

TO FREEZE or not to freeze,—that is the question which now has the retail meat-sellers all hot and bothered. Madame can now stop at the corner grocery or soda fountain and get a steak or some chops for dinner. No waiting for small-scale slaughtering by a man in a bloody apron. No butcher knife, cleaver or chopping-block; no sawing, trimming, pounding; above all, no flies. Small wonder Madame seems to incline toward the new dispensation.

Quick freezing has done the trick. Not the ordinary cold storage variety,

By FRANK A. FALL

but a process which takes the meat past the frost-crystal point so fast that crystals simply cannot form. And then, the backers of the new process assert, the

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100)
July 5—85.6. (Crumph's British Index—1926=100) July 5—77.9.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended June 21—920,859 cars (reduction of 6,895 under preceding week and of 148,187 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended June 28—64% of capacity (reduction of 2% under preceding week and of 29.5% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended June 28—daily average gross 2,610,950 barrels (increase of 12,100 over preceding week; reduction of 204,450 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended June 28—2,071,000 bushels (increase of 288,000 over preceding week and of 152,000 over same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Six months ending June 30—\$293,766,617,000 (reduction of 14.9% under same period of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Five days ending July 2—435 (reduction of 35 under week ended June 26; increase of 97 over five days ended July 3, 1929).

meat may be kept for months, or even years, without deterioration. In a transparent, air-tight covering it goes to the consumer with all the juices unimpaired and without loss from dehydration or oxidation.

The pros and cons were vigorously debated a few days ago at a forum staged by the New York Food Marketing Research Council. Marion Harper of the General Sales Company, which has recently conducted extensive and expensive tests of the sale of packaged, quick-frozen meats in Springfield, Mass., was the chief protagonist for the freezers. George Kramer, president of the National Association of Retail Meat Dealers, was Horatius at the bridge for the carve-as-they-come stores. The jury, which is a large one, as it consists of the entire meat-buying public, is still out, and the verdict is going to have a tremendous effect on the future fortunes of both parties to the controversy.

►► Vacations—A Major Industry

"THREE billions a year, mostly for hot dogs," was one radio listener's summary of Assistant Secretary Klein's talk over the air on the business aspects of Amer-

ican vacations. That gives the succulent frankfurter somewhat too high a financial rating, but as a matter of fact the 125,000 roadside stands which decorate the motor highways of the United States do manage to get a sizable portion of the vacationer's dollar.

An economist, quoted by Dr. Klein, rates the annual tourist business as equal to the iron and steel industry; 11% greater than clothing or meat-packing; 45% greater than printing and publishing; 51% greater than petroleum; and so on up to 222% greater than the shoe business. In addition to the three billions we spend "seeing America first," we manage to distribute about \$800,000,000 a year over the length and breadth of Europe and other attractive portions of the earth.

What will vacations be like this summer? Paris, Mr. Ybarra confides, is not at all cheerful over the prospect, but the other playgrounds appear ready to do business as usual. Doubtless many who planned to go abroad decided, after the storms of last October and November, to reduce the cruising radius and make the 1930 splurge an all-American affair. Some of us, if we get a break, will figure on a Culver Line trip to Coney Island some Sunday in August.

►► A Place Where

THE BUSINESS office, says L. C. Walker, president of the Shaw-Walker Company, in *The Office and Tomorrow's Business* (Century \$1.50), is a place where the executive, sub-executives and clerical force may work for the production and sales departments and contact with them; where the public may contact with the executive and sub-executives; and where the records of the business may be concentrated for easy reference.

That's good, but even better is Mr. Walker's chapter on "The Business Conference." This is the shortest and one of the best chapters we have encountered in years of business-book reviewing. Here it is, complete: "If a conference must be held, it should be kept clearly in mind that it is a device for considering and adopting policies, and never for carrying them out. What American business needs is more clearance and less conference." Them's harsh words, Jack Dalton! And every bit as true as they are harsh.

➤➤ These Days of Deflation ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THE value of the dollar today is greater than it has been at any time since 1916. Business men, nevertheless, are not noticeably happy over the outcome, because the greater the dollar's value or purchasing power the lower the prices of commodities, and the drop in commodity prices is being blamed for most of the troubles that now afflict the country. Since 1926 the level of wholesale prices has declined 11 per cent. In the past twelve months the decline has amounted to 7 per cent. In other words, the decline in the past year has been nearly twice as great as in the preceding three years.

THERE'S THE RUB, as Hamlet would say. An average decline of slightly more than 1 per cent a year, such as occurred between 1926 and 1929, need not prove disturbing, especially in these days when manufacturers and merchants adhere to hand-to-mouth buying and minimize the risk of inventory losses. Indeed, in the period 1926-29 falling prices went hand in hand with prosperity. Technical improvements were reducing production costs faster than prices were falling, and profits were increasing. It is not prices, of course, but profits which determine whether a business is prosperous.

There is obviously a limit, however, to which the paring of the costs of production can go, and if prices persist in receding as this limit is approached, or if they recede faster than costs can be reduced, the result is most likely to be depressing. The years from 1923 to 1929 brought sweeping industrial changes. New restrictions on immigration forced manufacturers to utilize their labor resources more effectively. Improved machinery and better organization brought a great increase in the average output per worker and a lower cost per unit of product. The country consequently witnessed the unusual but not unprecedented phenomenon of rising wages and declining prices.

Then, about a year ago, something happened. Indices of business activity ceased to register further expansion. Early in September the stock market began to respond to the altered business situation by showing signs of nervousness. Then in October came the big break, the details of which are still painfully fresh in many people's memories.

Contrary to a widespread impression, the collapse of the stock market did not cause the business recession which has since been in evidence. It was the other way around. The market broke because the check to business activity destroyed all immediate prospects of future corporate earnings commensurate with the existing level of stock values. Thereafter the tide of business activity continued to ebb, and stocks, after a carefully nurtured rally in the spring, also resumed their downward trend.

But if the deflation of the prices of stocks was caused by a business recession, what in turn caused the business recession? Politicians in Washington have attributed our present unsatisfactory state to an alleged flood of foreign imports and to the delay of Congress in damning this flood with a higher tariff. Others have blamed the exportation of capital through loans to foreign borrowers, or the Federal Reserve Board's restrictive credit policy of last year, or the deficiency of the gold standard, and so on.

When we get away from these speculative explanations and examine the concrete facts we find that practically every industry which is depressed is afflicted with the problem of a surplus. We have too much wheat, sugar, coffee, cocoa, cotton, silk, rubber, lumber, coal, petroleum, copper, silver, and what not. During most of 1929 the world was producing these basic commodities faster than it was consuming them, and huge stocks remained in first hands. In the latter half of that year the wheels of industry began to slow down because of the mounting surpluses. This checked production, but incidentally it also curtailed consumption by creating unemployment and part-time work, and so the surplus problem has been slow in disappearing.

There has been a lot of talk about the impossibility of overproduction, but for all practical purposes it remains chiefly talk. We are told that goods never exist in excess of human wants and that what we call overproduction is really underconsumption. But calling things by different names does not eliminate the problem. People somewhere may be starving for bread in spite of a world surplus of wheat. This does not alter the

fact that more wheat has been produced than can be sold for what it cost to produce it. Forcing the entire supply into the channels of consumption would inflict a heavy loss on the producers.

When such a situation develops in a large number of industries a widespread business reaction is the final result. And the reaction finally brings its own corrective. Surpluses are gradually reduced as the slump in prices discourages excessive output; declining prices eventually stimulate consumption; demand gains on supply; prices turn up from their extreme lows; production begins to increase once more, and trade and industry quicken their pace. These readjustments, however, are painful and costly. They may bring much suffering from unemployment and a tragic increase in the number of business failures. Whatever can be done to mitigate their rigor will be well worth the effort.

If the slump in commodity prices is the chief cause of our present let-down in trade and industry, then our major economic troubles are linked with the problem of surplus production. This problem, as Owen D. Young said recently in an address before the National Electric Light Association, is our "most vital and immediate economic question." We have a surplus not only of goods but also of services and of liquid capital. They are the result of our growth. Within the past decade the output per man in our mines and factories has increased 50 per cent, and we are still progressing in this direction. There are two ways in which to get rid of the resulting surpluses. One is to produce less—to quit growing; the other is to find new uses and new markets. To produce less means that mines and factories are to remain idle, and worst of all, that men are to remain idle. In such a case, instead of eliminating the surplus we have merely changed it into another sort—from a surplus of goods into a surplus of labor, and idle labor means social demoralization.

THE REAL way out, therefore, as Mr. Young has said, lies in an enlargement of markets, and that in turn means the demolition of trade barriers and the cultivation of international good will. Our business leaders are becoming keenly aware of this new need, but its full significance has not yet impressed itself upon our lawmakers.

▷▷ The Leisure Arts ◁◁

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Our Last War Books

OURSELVES, we have read our last War book. We began, back in nineteen-fifteen, with a paper-bound French book which told a heart-breaking story of the first days of the War, when we all thought it would be over by Christmas. Since then we've read thirty or forty War novels, diaries and anthologies of War memoirs in assorted languages. We remember *Plumes*, *Sergeant Grischa*, *All Quiet*, *Au Dessus de la Melée*, *Good-bye to All That*, *Under Fire*, *The Enormous Room*, Ford Madox Ford's four War novels, *A Farewell to Arms* (not exactly a War book, that), *The Wet Flanders Plain*, *Step-daughters of War* (of no literary value but a hard book to forget), and *All Our Yesterdays*, the only one which we would willingly reread. This week, we've read our last three: *Patriot's Progress* with text by Henry Williamson, one of England's most sensitive writers and most gifted stylists, and pictures by William Kermode, an honest if not especially talented Australian artist (Dutton \$2.50); *The Song of Tiadatha* by Owen Rutter (Duffield \$1), a lively verse epic of war on the eastern front, in that Hiawatha metre which is so easy to imitate and so likely to fall rather



Illustrations by William Kermode from "*Patriot's Progress*" (Dutton)

flat; and *The Unknown Soldier* (Stokes \$2.50) by Vernon Bartlett, co-author with R. C. Sherriff of the novel *Journey's End*. We shall never go to war. Our sex prevents. For a few years we felt sure that if another war came we should join the wit and beauty of America in Leavenworth Prison. Now we are less sanguine about our fortitude in the face of bands and flags—(not speeches, no speech ever moved us from one chair to another, but a band can have its wicked will of us any day). But not one of these forty or fifty War books which we have read would keep us from going to war. If all the intelligent people in the War read and digested *All Our Yesterdays* and could prevail against all the war-makers, perhaps something might be done, for that one book shows how wars come about as well as how they are now fought. But the others, which show how they are fought and what they do to the men who fight in them, can accomplish nothing for peace.

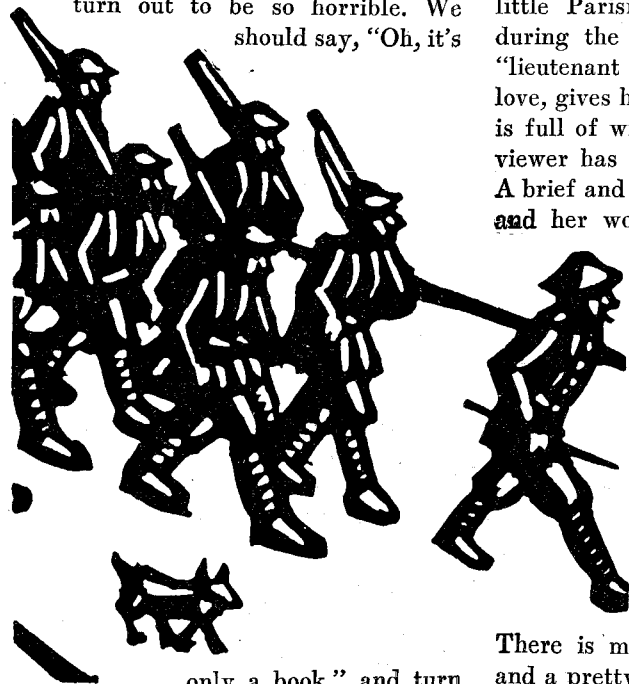
The Song of Tiadatha can do nothing. It tells of how a "nut" went to war and came back a man. Plenty did, no doubt, but at least as many men went to war and came back "nuts," if at all. They came back with hard shells and white, canker-eaten souls, idealists turned cynical and bitter and ready for all the materialism of the post-war age. *The Unknown Soldier* can do nothing. It tells a story as simple and tragic as the story of *Journey's End*. A wounded soldier, lying in a shell-hole in No-man's Land beside the rotting body of his personal enemy who has died in saving him, reviews his brief past. We, the readers, see his gentle English childhood, his eager youth, spent in

Germany and France, and his War days. And then we see him, as night comes on, dragging himself horribly toward his own trenches to keep his friends from



sacrificing themselves by coming out to look for him, and dying by the fire of his own nervous men. And then we read the words of the proclamation over the grave of the unknown soldier in London, and know that the gipsy's prophecy for this boy has been fulfilled. She had said, one day on the downs, that the great ones of the earth would bow before him. And he had thought that he was going to be a poet, or a novelist or a supreme statesman. A sentimental concept, perhaps, but a book which is terrible in the sincerity and simplicity of its execution. And *Patriot's Progress*, what can it do for peace? The hero, John Bullock, is a most ordinary boy. He is a London clerk with a father and mother who love him. He joins up, goes into training, reaches the front, suffers every horror and humiliation, loses a leg in a battle in which every man is killed or maimed, and comes home to receive a pat on the back from "England." The book is deadly. Its descriptive passages, for frankness and force, have not been surpassed in any War book. Its style is a marvel of skill. If we

had been a soldier and had got fairly well readjusted, we would not read it for a thousand pounds. But if we were a lad, growing up now, it would not keep us from dreaming of going to war, because we could not believe that a world which seems so brave and fine would turn out to be so horrible. We should say, "Oh, it's



only a book," and turn again to dreams of Roland and Crusades and of sabres and comradeship and the Military Cross. But it happens that they aren't "only books," these sixty or seventy diaries and fictionalized memoirs and novels which we have read. They are pieces of bodies that would have worked and played games and made love and lain at last on decent deathbeds; and of brains that would have wrought wonderfully; and of hearts that would have warmed to children and to their fellow-men. They are not "only books." And so we will not read any more of them.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

COLETTE, authoress of *Mitsou*, a novelette just published here in an adequate translation by Jane Terry (A. & C. Boni \$2), was born in "that part of Burgundy which produces small but heady wines." The phrase might serve as a description of Colette's only subject. She writes of women in love. In this limited field her work is exquisite. She is tender and cynical, ingenuous and worldly-wise. We have read her books with a mounting admiration for her style, which is rich and warm and yet is so deftly moulded and finished that it gives the effect of cool chastity,

and with a mounting respect for her understanding of feminine psychology. In *Mitsou*, both style and content are at the height of their perfection. This novellette, written in the form of dialogue and letters interspersed with pages of brilliant, sharp description, is the story of a little Parisian music-hall singer who, during the War, falls in love with a "lieutenant in blue," and, taught by love, gives him up gracefully. The story is full of wisdom and pity and this reviewer has found it extremely moving. A brief and intelligent sketch of Colette and her work by Janet Flanner precedes the story of *Mitsou*.

The Lily of Fort Garry by Jane Rolyat (Dutton \$2.50) is a pleasant idyll of pioneer days in western Canada. Margaret Moore, "the Lily," is the daughter of Irish aristocrats, a mother who strives to maintain the Victorian standards of conduct in the wilderness, a father who is a genial old fraud.

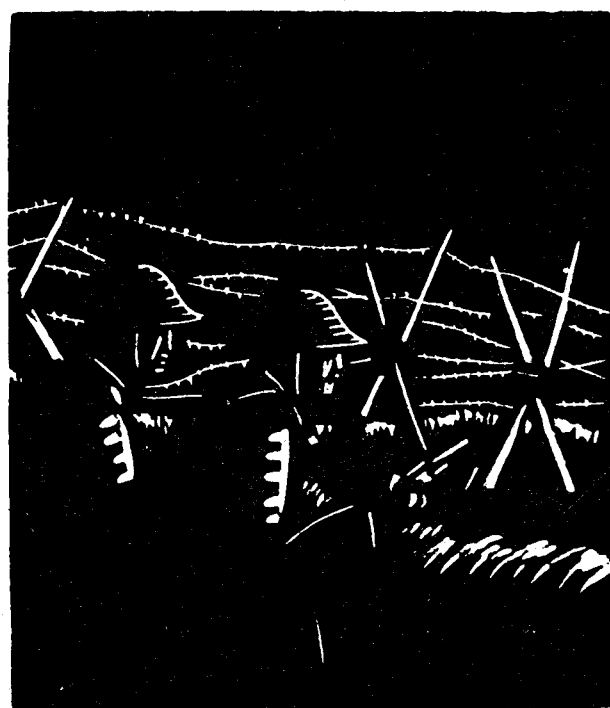
There is much picturesque local color and a pretty love-story. The style has a quaint charm about it. Its curiously stilted phrases, its decorous grace fit the period in which the story is set and give worth to what would, in the hands of a less gifted writer, be too slight a story.

Only Saps Work by Courtenay Terrett (Vanguard \$2) is unfortunately not fiction. Its sub-title is "A Ballyhoo for Racketeering" and it is an account of the various rackets from which we suffer in America. After a brief gesture toward the old gangs which are the ancestors of the present-day racketeers, the author, a newspaperman, launches into his terrible tales. We shall not attempt to list the contents of the book. If you read it you will know a good deal more about the large and small scoundrels who ruin and in part rule us here than you do now. The picture is not pleasant. We think, however, that it would have been more forceful if the book could have been better written. Courtenay Terrett has most of the worst faults of the journalistic writer and few of his virtues.

But he is a brave man. To write so frankly and in such detail of these dangerous and powerful thugs requires real courage. You can, however, read the book without fear, and, having done so, perhaps you will care to join our crusade to sick the fanatics of America on the scoundrels of America and let them fight it out while the rest of us enjoy the opportunities of life.

In *The Future of Drinking*, (Little, Brown \$2), Gilbert Seldes suggests, however, an alliance between certain scoundrels and certain fanatics. He foresees the day when, their gangster-bootlegger allies holding the wets off with machine guns, the drys will march to the polls to vote on the prohibition referendum. Under his witty fooling, Mr. Seldes conceals some sound ideas. He is able to clothe sense in nonsense, and with the help of Don Herold's drawings, his book may instruct as well as divert. Certainly those of us who find drunkenness as revolting and vulgar as we find prohibition unintelligent and blind ought to be pleased with the book. There are sober wets, you know, and drunken drys. It is gluttony and not eating or drinking that is one of the seven deadly sins.

Man and His Universe by John Langdon-Davies (Harper \$5) is "the story of man's conscious struggle to adjust his inherited beliefs to the ever changing world of fact." It is, therefore, another popularizer of information. But, so far as we have seen, it is the first book of that class which is written in a finished and graceful style. It should be accept-



able both to that host of indiscriminating readers which wants its scraps of information no matter how cheaply or clumsily offered, and that smaller but more finicking group which wants the same scrappy food but cannot stomach it unless well cooked and cleverly served. There is plenty of cheap canned goods. This is high class, imported delicatessen. The information-popularizers can do a lot of harm by "making ignorance arrogant," as the author of *King Mob* said. Ignorance accepts the glib talker about philosophy as a philosopher. (We have seen a group of supposedly intelligent suburban ladies bow down before Will Durant as though he were Plato.) But they do a lot of good, too, because they must enlarge the scope of the readers' interests. And when they are truly entertaining, and carefully worked out, as is *Man and His Universe*, they should be able to tempt people into fields of reading which they would never before have dreamed of entering. Mr. Langdon-Davies writes of man's earliest superstitions and beliefs, and maybe some of his readers will turn to *The Golden Bough* or to the Greeks or to the Bible and figure out a few things for themselves. He writes of the "Mediaeval Picture of the Universe" and perhaps some one will go from his pages to the most fascinating of source books. He writes of the Renaissance and then of Newton and Dalton and Darwin and on into the new renaissance and eventually Einstein. His text is in the last lines of the book, "—if modern man desires to be good—and all human beings always do—and if he desires spiritual comfort, he can get it in only one way, by studying and trying to understand the best picture of the universe which his epoch can afford. A good conscience is the key to happiness and conscience ever waits on science." Whether you like the text or not, you will find this long sermon which expounds it readable. Perhaps you will even find it readable, and stimulating.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Behind the Blurbs

EVER SINCE the bomb of price reduction was thrown into the midst of the publishing world the publishers have faithfully been lining themselves up on one side or the other of the issue: to reduce or not to reduce and why. Many statements have followed each other in to our desk, arriving with orderly precision and regularity and announcing

how this or that publisher stood upon the matter and giving his reasons for so standing. We feel that of all this array, just about the finest so far was received this week from the firm of Little, Brown and Company, Boston. In their letter we find a really constructive suggestion for alleviating the existing publishing and bookselling conditions. Here is the kernel of it: "fewer new titles rather than dollar new fiction." In support of this premise they say, "If publishers would eliminate the books which 'some one will take if we don't,' or which are 'pretty good and might catch on' (in twenty years only two such books of ours have fulfilled this vague promise), or which are by relatives and friends of important authors whom it seems necessary to please, the result would be advantageous all 'round. Publishers would not go 'in the red' for one-fourth of all the books they publish, which is the case at present, and would be able to devote more time and money to bringing the remaining titles to the attention of the people who would want to have them; the business of bookselling would become less risky, and the bookseller a less harassed person; reviewers would be better able to do justice to the books that they must now let go unnoticed. And the 'gentle reader' himself would be able to exercise more discrimination with the publication of 'fewer and better books.'" *** And being on this subject of worthwhile and successful books reminds us to tell you that *The Art of Thinking* by Abbe Ernest Dimet which was brought out by Simon and Schuster, that "house of successes," is now in its 150th thousand in this country and has just been published in Paris by Grasset. This book, by the way, was originally written in English and then translated into his mother tongue by the author. *** Well, of course it is discouraging to read about these people who have the happy faculty of becoming, almost overnight, a successful author "in a great big way," but then we've found our encouragement-of-the-week in the statement of Sir Philip Gibbs to the effect that he knows a lady who published her first novel last year at the age of 82! There's patience or

perseverance or what have you. Or perhaps she was one of those people who "never tried to write" until she was 81. *** Farrar and Rinehart have announced for fall publication a new novel by Alec Waugh, author of *Hot Countries*. Readers of the Outlook will no doubt remember the delightful Lynd Ward woodcuts which illustrated *Hot Countries*, as a number of them were reproduced on these pages. Waugh's new book bears the arresting title "*Sir!*" *She Said*, and has to do with a very modern young woman. *** "Among the mountaineers of Tennessee real prestige is enjoyed by a man who has been in the penitentiary. When one of our neighbors returns from jail he is welcomed home with all the interest and cordiality he would receive elsewhere were he returning from taking a course at Harvard or a Mediterranean tour." So says Mrs. Anne W. Armstrong, author of *This Day and Time*, a forthcoming novel of southern mountain life. The book will be published by Knopf. *** May Lamberton Becker, whose reviews of children's books you have read in these columns, is the author of one of the Dodd Mead fall publications. The book is to be another anthology of *Golden Tales*, this time dealing with the old South. It will contain 22 selections depicting the various aspects of southern life. Mrs. Becker is an author and lecturer of note and distinction. *** In *The Torch Murder*¹ we find Leighton Swift, expert on things criminal, leading the police department around by the nose in pursuit of the murderer of a dance hall girl whose charred body is found on a Long Island road. The trail which Swift so serenely pursues to the correct conclusion is decorated by a dance hall marriage, illicit loves, a foreflushing detective and such other paraphernalia which usually go into the making of a mystery tale. This is another of the Dutton Clue Mysteries, there being inserted at page 210 an instruction sheet which bids you stop and fill in the name of the guilty person. If you do this correctly on three of the Dutton Mysteries, you get a fourth one free. *** The latest volume to be added to the Economic and Social History of the World War is *Russian Agriculture During the War*². This series is published for The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace by the Yale University Press.

BERNICE WHITEMORE.

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Mystery: *The Torch Murder*, by C. R. Jones: Dutton.

Novel: *Mitsou*, by Colette: A. & C. Boni.

Biography and Criticism: *The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson*, by Genevieve Taggard: Knopf.

Miscellaneous: *Patriot's Progress*, by Henry Williamson: Dutton.

1. By C. R. Jones, Dutton \$2.00.
2. \$4.00.

The Outlook's Guide
to the
Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, New York; SCRANTONS, INC., Rochester; KORNER & WOOD, Cleveland; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, St. Louis; KENDRICK BELLAMY Co., Denver; TEOLIN FILLOT Co., Houston; PAUL ELDER & Co., San Francisco; NORMAN REMINGTON Co., Baltimore; EMERY BIRD THAYER, Kansas City; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Atlanta; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles; STEWART KIDD, Cincinnati; J. K. GILL, Co., Portland, Oregon; JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia; THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., Boston, Massachusetts.

Fiction

Chances, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown. A slight novel about two brothers in love with the same girl, with the War solving all problems. Reviewed June 11.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

Laments for the Living, by Dorothy Parker: Viking. Brilliant, acrid sketches and short stories. Reviewed June 18.

The Scarab Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner's. Good in spite of Philo Vance. Reviewed June 4.

The Selbys, by Anne Green: Dutton. An American couple and their niece are the leading characters in a gay and witty story of Paris. Reviewed April 16.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams: Little Brown. A distinguished and highly readable history of America's greatest family. Reviewed June 18.

Liberty, by Everett Dean Martin: Norton. A history of liberty and a battle-cry against the tyranny of the mob. Reviewed June 25.

Green Pastures, by Marc Connelly: Farrar & Rinehart. The white man's idea of the Negro's idea of heaven in a touching play developed from Roark Bradford's stories. Reviewed March 12.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. Will not be reviewed here.



Magazine Articles Recommended

Jupiter in Wall Street, by Max Lerner. American Mercury, July.

The banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. is known to the four corners of the earth. But of the man who made that name a by-word little is really known by the world at large. Rumor, legend, falsehood and fiction have distorted the figure of the greatest Morgan. In this article Mr. Lerner draws a convincing portrait of J. P., Senior. "He took the imagination of the American business world," writes the author, "and he has left a deeper impress upon the character of the business man than any other figure in our history. Everything about him became invested with a certain permanence in American business 'mores'. . . Integrity of American finance was Morgan's greatest heritage to the American people, more important than the art treasures he left, more important than the House of Morgan that was his creation."

Scholars and Ladies, by Marjorie Nicolson (Guggenheim Fellow, and Acting Dean of Smith College). Yale Review, a National Quarterly, Summer 1930.

The attack on the woman teacher and scholar covers a wide field. At one end of the line some ardent feminists demand that all the teachers in women's colleges and at least half of those in co-educational universities should be women. At the other end are those who declare that what is chiefly the matter with education is that it is too largely in the hands of women. . . . It is possible to be a scholar and a gentleman; but, —the demands of the family and of society being what they are,—"how is it possible . . . to be at once a scholar—and a lady?"

►► Crime and the Criminal ◄◄

As Seen in Recent Books

PUBLIC concern with the problem of crime in recent years "has tended to retard rather than to accelerate progress"—so think the editors of the admirable *Handbook of American Prisons and Reformatories* (Third issue, 1929; The National Society of Penal Information, Inc.)—because there has been "an unfortunate revival of faith in the old doctrines of punishment and deterrence."

It is very comfortable to have such faith in punishment, but not always easy when one comes face to face with graduates of our penal institutions and sees how it works. In *The Jack-Roller* (University of Chicago Press) Professor Clifford R. Shaw, of the Institute for Juvenile Research and Behavior Research Fund of Chicago, makes us acquainted with a Chicago boy who was "delinquent" most of his life to the age of eighteen. The boy tells his own story, in 140 graphic pages, and there are comments and annotations by Professor Shaw and Professor E. W. Burgess. "Stanley" had many experiences, beginning at the age of six, in five correctional institutions of the city and state, "but the treatment," as Professor Burgess remarks with scientific restraint, "failed to check his delinquent career." One of the most vivid parts of the boy's story is his description of his admiration for the older and the clever crooks he met at the state reformatory, his pride when any of them showed an interest in him and took the trouble to forward his "education," his sense of shame because he was only a petty thief, and his determination to "do a real job" when he got out. Would this shake the faith of those who rely on punishment as a deterrent? Or would they draw the conclusion that what "Stanley" got was not severe enough?

There are other recent books to be taken into account if one is concerned with crime and criminals. *Sterilization for Human Betterment* by Gosney and Popenoe (Macmillan) is a sane and judicial study of the six thousand operations in California state hospitals in the last twenty years, with the lessons to be drawn from them. Horace Wyndham, author of books on a variety of subjects, one of whose recreations is criminology, has written for The New Library (Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith) a little handbook in which there is a happy combination of historical information and helpful comment. It will surprise American admirers of English justice

to find this sober English essayist remarking of his own country that "when the police do catch a wrong-doer (other than red-handed) it is because next to no precautions have been adopted by the latter."

In the To-day and To-morrow Series of "small but thought-compelling books" (Dutton) under the title *Cain*, the future of crime is discussed by George Godwin in a similarly cautious vein. Justice he considers an impossible ideal. Society should "deal frankly with delinquency in a scientific spirit as the disease of the social body, and with the single object of its extirpation." The criminal court hereafter will be asked to decide only the fact: the accused did it, or he did not. The power of assessing punishment will pass to others. This is not a new idea. Alfred E. Smith while governor of New York announced the same principle, and it is held by most modern penologists. In six words the brilliant journalist William Bolitho, whose untimely death brings the loss of a heartbeat to the whole intellectual world, summed up the matter in his column in *The World*: "Crime at bottom is childish behavior."

Recurring to the *Handbook of American Prisons*, we find the idea clearly formulated that "the penal institution should be a clinic as well as a laboratory." Many of the questions about crime can best be answered within prison walls. The need of individualized treatment is generally recognized, but blanket treatment is still the rule. In the light of these principles the *Handbook*, after an introduction which is a condensed compendium of ripe wisdom, reports on its thorough first-hand study of the federal prisons and the prisons of all the states.

A dreamer recently drove through an ideal state where the traffic regulations gave perfect satisfaction to the driver and his fellow-passengers, to the pedestrian and his fellow-citizens. That state does not exist; but there is in some state a precedent of each one of its traffic regulations. With the aid of this encyclopedic *Handbook* one might construct an ideal prison system, in which there would be nothing which is not found somewhere, and in which there would be—if not that ideal "justice" which Godwin repudiates, at least the respect for individuals and the scientific treatment of offenders for which reformers are striving.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

►► The Movies ◀◀

►► "Holiday"

IF IT frequently seems that movie producers are merely a lot of trained seals tossing a few old plots about on their noses year after year for the benefit of an audience of unusually stupid children, some sort of special celebration should be staged when anything as intelligent and civilized as *Holiday* comes along.

Pathe and director E. H. Griffith had a head start, it is true, when they set out with the lovely and exciting Ann Harding and Philip Barry's brilliant dialogue—but they have done a good deal more than merely to photograph a stage play with sound. *Holiday* is a first rate motion picture, as engrossing to watch as it is to listen to. Those prophets of limited vision (such as George Jean Nathan and Luigi Pirandello who predicted a swift doom for the movies should they take up talking in a serious way) had better retreat to their caves and think things over a little more carefully. *Holiday* on the screen differs from the stage play—but nothing in either the dialogue or the situations has been changed.

Holiday concerns an old New York family of tremendous wealth, living in a chill and magnificent house on Fifth Avenue. One of the daughters (Mary Astor) falls in love with a charming young man (Robert Ames) who has neither money nor position. She proposes not only to marry him but to make him over into her kind of person—interested in nothing but money and position. While all this is going on Ann Harding, infinitely more congenial and quite bored with her pompous family, is entertaining him—and falling in love with him. The night before the wedding he decides he can't go through with it and takes a boat to Europe—upon which Ann Harding goes tearing after him. Miss Harding, by the way, is just about the loveliest lady to be found on the screen today.

►► "Love Among the Millionaires"

This week Clara ("Dream Girl") Bow may be heard singing theme songs as she slings hash in a railroad-yard lunch counter. She wins the true, true love of a brakeman who turns out to be the railroad president's son learning the business. After a few minor eyebrow-liftings the snobbish aristocrats find out her real worth and are glad to have her as a daughter-in-law.

The real star of this film, however, is

By CREIGHTON PEET

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: Lewis Milestone's film of Remarque's novel—a powerful and devastating indictment of war. About the finest thing Hollywood has done.

The Big House: Life in a crowded penitentiary pictured with some realism but hardly enough horror.

The Big Pond: Maurice Chevalier tilts his straw hat and sings—and the audience is delighted.

The Florodora Girl: Light entertainment with Marion Davies skipping about as one of the famous sextet.

Journey's End: A fine film of the war play—British officers meeting death politely.

The Silent Enemy: Natural history picture showing how Ojibway Indians fought off hunger in the old days.

With Byrd at the South Pole: Splendid photographs of penguins, whales and brand new ice floes. Paramount advertises "women love it." Why, do you suppose?

Mitzi Green, Clara's small sister, who makes change in the beanery and reads tabloid headlines exclusively. By and by she begins to talk in headlines. Skeets Gallagher and Stuart Erwin make an amusing comedy team. The entire cast can and does sing from time to time—theme songs. As for Clara Bow—I'm afraid you'll have to decide about her for yourselves.

►► "The Unholy Three"

Lon Chaney—the "man of a thousand faces"—now talks, and with four or five voices in a new edition of his old success *The Unholy Three*. The talkies have been going on for quite a while now, and there have been all sorts of rumors as to why Lon Chaney continued to make silent pictures. Some said he had a



Pathe

ANN HARDING

Intelligent and literate—brought to Hollywood by the talkies

squeaky little voice which would be absurd, others that he had no voice at all. To prove that the five voices in the picture are all his own, Mr. Chaney has furnished movie reviewers with photostated copies of a sworn statement concerning the matter. The new edition of *The Unholy Three* is almost exactly like the original film—but while the voices add immensely the new picture is somehow unconvincing and not nearly as horrible as it should be . . . or perhaps we are getting too complicated to take this variety of wild melodrama very seriously.

►► Mr. Rockefeller's Movie

Among the items listed for construction in the gigantic new radio center which Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., proposes for New York, is a movie house with seven thousand seats. In view of the fact that a goodly proportion of the seats in houses holding four and six thousand are simply abominable, a house with seven thousand would not seem to be such a good idea. Now, "the biggest movie in the world" sounds very well; Mr. Rockefeller, but have you ever sat in the Paramount, Capitol or Roxy while the entire population of the last thirty rows attempted to seat itself in the first twenty? The fact is that the rear seats (and *all* the side seats) are miserable perches from which to see a film. The fact that people *sit* in the last rows does not prove that they like them. They stand in subway cars too, but without any enthusiasm.

The movie usher's "politeness" is an exploded myth. It is salesmanship. The movie usher is on hand but for one purpose—to force you into a side or rear seat which you do not want to occupy. Apologetically he murmurs "you can change later." Well, we *all* do so, with the result that the aisles stay as crowded as a subway platform. You change not once but three or four times. You "jump" from one location to another. People who have paid to see a show don't like the feeling of being in the next county. They want to see and hear without effort. Sitting in a side section I have counted as many as two hundred occasions during the showing of one film during which my vision has been cut off by a seat-searcher. Is this fun, Mr. Rockefeller, or is it just silly? Why not build four adjoining auditoriums each seating two thousand people? Once built they would cost very little more to run than a single auditorium. I believe an extra print of film costs about \$280.

In This Issue

JONATHAN MITCHELL is a former member of the staff of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the New York *World*, and has served the latter newspaper as London correspondent. Mr. Mitchell has also been engaged in the advertising business.

JOHAN SMERTENKO is best known as a lecturer and frequent contributor to the magazines. Mr. Smertenko is also the author of a forthcoming biography of Alexander Hamilton.

HARRY SALPETER is assistant literary editor of the New York *World* and author of a biography of Dr. Samuel Johnson. His latest contribution to *The Outlook and Independent* was "Town Gossip: A Portrait of Walter Winchell."

RAYMOND F. HOWES was formerly a member of the faculty of the University of Pittsburgh and will be remembered as the author of "Sweetness and Light in Pittsburgh" in which he described the difficulties which Chancellor Bowman met in the administration of his skyscraper university. Mr. Howes is now professor of Forensics at Washington University.

Next Week

The Donkey Kicks His Heels, by Ernest K. Lindley.

Faced with the responsibility for several panics, a business depression and a tariff of abominations, the Republican Party seems to have fallen on parlous times. Although the Democrats are enjoying this situation to the full, their leaders, the author declares, are faced with quite enough difficulties of their own when it comes to deciding upon a candidate for the 1932 presidential nomination. If only the country could get as excited about water power as about prohibition, the cause of Democratic unity would be greatly aided. Present indications, however, lead to the conclusion that anti-prohibition sentiment is spreading. Behind all the compromises calculated to keep the South in line, Mr. Lindley concludes, still stands the figure of Al Smith.

Keyserling, Peddler of Wisdom, by C. Hartley Grattan.

Among the many distinguished foreign authors who have come to our shores to lecture us on our shortcomings, Count Hermann Alexander Keyserling was one of the most successful. His books sold well. His personality was engaging. Legends about his insistence upon champagne and the company of beautiful women spread. Analysis of his works, however, the author claims, reveals much of the impostor. Although his attraction for American intellectuals is understandable, it should not blind us, Mr. Grattan concludes, to the fact that Keyserling's works constitute "the weirdest amalgam of random insights and idiocies ever blurred into importance by a publisher."

God's Dark Children, by Archibald Rutledge.

"In a country in which state religion is displaced by a multitude of jealous sects," Mr. Rutledge asserts, "there is sure to be much professed in the name of religion to move the thoughtful to grim mirth and soulful disgust." It is not therefore entirely strange that the sincerest appreciation of religion is to be found among the humblest people. Mr. Rutledge refers to the plantation Negroes of the South. Their sincere faith he attributes to the influence of their masters during two hundred years of slavery.

The Tourist's Dollar, by Frank Schoonmaker.

The annual summer exodus to Europe is now well under way. Lured by our own weapon—advertising—nearly three hundred thousand Americans are now traveling abroad in search of romance. Anxious as European countries have been, however, to lure the American tourist to their shores, it is only recently that they have attempted to solicit him directly. This is quite understandable, the author claims, as "it is the tourist's gold . . . that enables our best customers, year after year, to buy from us considerably more than we sell. . . His failure to go abroad would do more to injure our foreign trade than could, under any circumstances, the Hawley-Smoot tariff."

Alexander Smallens

By PITTS SANBORN

AMID all the ado about conductors—which batonists this year will direct the proceedings of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, which of the Philadelphia Orchestra, which of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, which of the San Francisco Symphony, just what new importations from Europe we shall observe and appraise—the question is often heard, "But is there no American conductor?" It can be answered in two words, Alexander Smallens. True, Mr. Smallens was born in Russia, but he came very young to the United States, is a graduate of the College of the City of New York and of the New York

National Company, which endeavored to take on the road leading elements of the abandoned Boston organization. After this considerable apprenticeship Mr. Smallens found himself appointed chief conductor for Anna Pavlova's tour of South and Central America and the West Indies, lasting for two years and a half.

During this period he enjoyed the important practical experience of conducting for a dancing troupe of high rank and incidentally he was the first North American to conduct at the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires. Withdrawing from the Pavlova company he accepted an engagement which lasted for three years with the Chicago Opera Company. Here his work gathered new significance. He directed in Chicago the "world première" of one of the most important Russian operas of recent years, Prokofieff's *Love for the Three Oranges*, and also the "world première" of Reginald de Koven's last operatic work, *Rip Van Winkle*. It might be added that Mr. Smallens likewise conducted the "world dernière" of the de Koven opus.

There followed a year abroad, during which time he led a number of operatic performances in Berlin—*Madame Butterfly*, *La Bohème*, and *Tosca* at the Staatsoper and *Il Trovatore* at the Volksooper—and further, at the Teatro Reale in Madrid, the *Mona Lisa* of Max von Schillings, this last at the special behest of the composer and with a cast that included Frau Hafgren in the name part and Rudolf Laubenthal and Wilhelm Rode as the leading men. Once again in America, Mr. Smallens became the musical director of the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company, throughout its span of seven years, and more recently the assistant conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, besides taking an important part in the work of the Philadelphia Society for Contemporary Music and the League of Composers of New York. It is in this latest phase that we should consider in detail the nature and scope of Mr. Smallens' contribution.

Through the Philadelphia Civic he really inaugurated the movement in America for opera as a community interest. Though engaging professional artists for leading rôles, he organized and trained a volunteer chorus of Philadelphians and developed "home talent" for the minor rôles. To what lengths he would go in his educational fervor may be gathered from the fact



Underwood

ALEXANDER SMALLENS

Institute of Musical Art, and, in spite of his professional activities in other countries, has been peculiarly identified with the musical developments of the last two decades in America. It is both informative and just to consider Mr. Smallens' career under two heads: his personal achievement and his contribution to our artistic life.

An outline of the Smallens history indicates its subject's unusual preparation for his task. After leaving the Institute of Musical Art he had two years of the rigorous curriculum imposed at the Paris Conservatoire, whence he returned to the United States to fill his first professional engagement as one of the assistant conductors at the Boston Opera House. From Boston he went to New York to participate in the operatic-English venture at the Century Theatre. That was short-lived, and his next post was with the so-called Boston-

that he actually produced the *Prince Igor* of Borodin in Russian, himself teaching the choristers and the secondary solo singers their words in that unfamiliar and difficult tongue. Difficulties, however, were never insurmountable for Mr. Smallens and his valiant civic folk. Last winter he presented Wagner's four "Ring" dramas with only a single rehearsal apiece and he also gave *Die Meistersinger* with but two rehearsals. He introduced to America two of the operas of Richard Strauss, *Feuersnot* and *Ariadne auf Naxos*, which neither the Metropolitan nor the Chicago company had resolved to present, and likewise *The Ring of Polykrates* of Erich Korngold. A particularly noteworthy feat was his staging of the *Orfeo* of Gluck, with Mme. Matzenauer in the name part—an opera that the Metropolitan has neglected for fifteen years. Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and *The Magic Flute* were among his other conspicuous classical undertakings, besides the American "première" of Gluck's short opera, *The May Queen*.

Strictly Philadelphian "premières" which he directed for the Civic Opera were those of Leroux's *Le Chemineau*, Debussy's *L'Enfant Prodigue*, and Manuel de Falla's ballet, *El Amor Brujo*. At concerts of the Philadelphia Society for Contemporary Music Mr. Smallens led Philadelphian stage "premières" of Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagette" and "L'Histoire du Soldat" and the American stage "premières" of Hindemith's "Hin und Zurück" and Malipiero's "Sette Canzone." He also directed Philadelphia's first hearing of Schönberg's highly modernistic score, "Pierrot Lunaire." Among many American works of which he has conducted first performances one notes particularly *The Triple Sec* of Marc Blitzstein, a feature of this summer's *Garrick Gaieties*, and Leo Ornstein's incidental music to the recent revival of the *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes.

The excellent musician who is able to look back upon this impressive accomplishment is at once frank and modest of manner and entirely without pose, and no one can bring against him the charge that his knowledge is mainly limited to music. He is a man of exceptionally wide reading and he enjoys the privilege of reading most texts in the original, for he has, as the saying is, kept up the Latin of his schooldays, and the modern languages with which he is thoroughly conversant, besides the Russian and the English of his infancy, are French, German, Italian, and Spanish.

So much for one rising American conductor.

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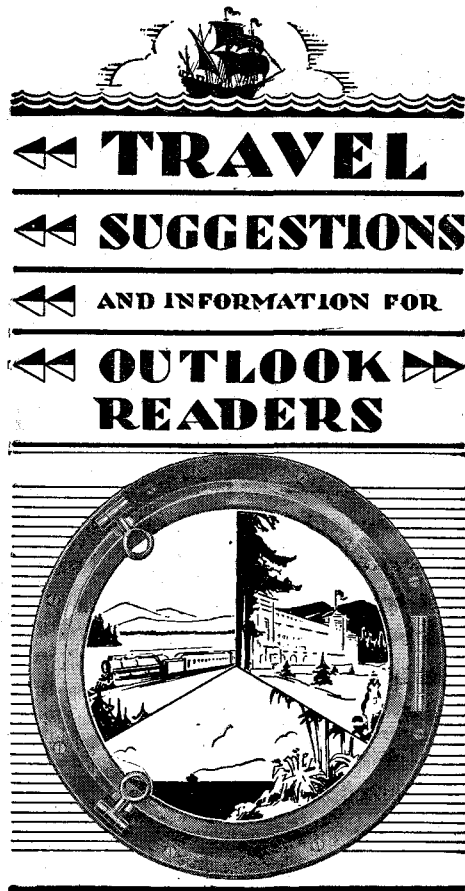
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▷▷ From the Life ◁◁

By **IBBY HALL**

▷▷ Morality

HE HAD ALWAYS been interested in morality, and he was a great one for attending lectures. That's how he happened to be going to this one.

For the name of the lecture had caught his eye. Present Day Morality. Now just what did they mean by that? If the subject had been "Present Day Immorality" he would have known exactly what they were talking about. He often felt he could get up himself and give a lecture on that one. You only had to think back awhile, into your own youth for instance, to realize that the world was going crazy. Drinking—gambling—petting parties—and worse. Open dishonesty! He heard about it on all sides; and it wasn't only hearing about it. There was that affair at the office—

He suddenly felt hot all over. Then he was filled with a sort of cold rage and incredulity. That was the way it had made him feel the first time he learned the truth and ever since. Every time it popped into his mind. Here he was now, walking along quietly through the city streets, on his way to listen to an interesting lecture—and just to remember how that fellow had fooled him (and got away with it) made him feel all excited. Like an anarchist.

There they had worked together, side by side, day after day, and it had never once crossed his mind that the guy wasn't as good as anybody. If anything, he'd have said he was better than most. He was quieter looking, for one thing, and at the same time he had a sort of intelligent look in his eye that made you want to listen to anything he had to say. Take himself, for instance; he always liked to listen to what the other fellow had to say, and then maybe he'd learn something. That's how he came to be always listening to this guy—and by Harry there was nothing the fellow didn't have some wise idea about. He'd just about got to the point of believing him when wowie! the smash came. Looking like butter wouldn't melt in his mouth—talking so slick about what he'd learned out of life—and all the time he'd been slipping money out of their employer's accounts by the thousands. Signing their employer's name to false orders. And as if that wasn't enough, he'd got himself married to two women at once. Bigamy! Forgery! Theft! And he'd got away with the whole show. Too smart for any one to look for him, until it was too late. As for himself, he'd

never once suspected the fellow.

Even now, he ran his finger around the inside of his collar, and jerked his chin once or twice at the memory of those idealistic discussions they had enjoyed on brief occasions. He felt, for all the pleasant weather, as though he were boiling. Well, he'd better take himself in hand and get ready to listen to the lecture. How had he let his mind get away from it anyway? Present Day Morality. That was it. And it had started him thinking of Present Day Immorality! Well, morality was morality, the same one day as another.

By this time he had arrived at the lecture hall, and looking hastily at his watch, found to his discomfiture that he was a minute or two late. There was a neat pile of pamphlets waiting near the entrance of the hall, and he caught up one of these quickly as he stepped through the door. But there was no time to glance at it, for the lecture was already begun. As he made his way to a seat he could hear the even, vibrant tones of the speaker eddying about his ears. It was an arresting voice, though the lecturer was one whom he had never heard before. Moreover, it was evident from the still-struck audience, that the ideas expressed by that reassuring voice, were both arresting and sound.

The late-comer glanced once at the platform, and sat down quietly in his chair, where he settled himself attentively. He looked once at the pamphlet in his hand, but no, he remembered that he had never seen this name before. Which probably reflected, he reminded himself, upon his own ignorance. But now let him give himself up to learning something, he reflected, and lifting his eyes he set himself to listen.

As he listened, he was struck gradually to stone. Heavily and quietly he managed to find his feet, to slip down the aisle, to reach an usher outside and gasp chokingly for the whereabouts of a telephone.

"Give me," he asked hoarsely when he reached it, "the District Attorney's Office!" And he sounded like a man suffering from apoplexy, for though the weather was pleasant he felt suddenly boiling.

The following day, he was able to ask some one in authority how the lecturer had taken his arrest.

"Say," he was told dumbfoundingly, "that fellow didn't like it at all. He said he was just starting out for China. With a new wife!"

Noises on the Air

(Continued from Page 411)

business during the quarter of an hour "Amos 'n' Andy" are airing their difficulties, and moving picture houses have had to delay the beginning of the evening performances or install radios and incorporate this broadcast in their programs. Even sophisticated New York is affected, for the telephone company attributes to them the enormous falling off of 'phone calls between seven and seven-fifteen which was formerly one of the peak periods of the day. The National Broadcasting company bought the contract for the services of these two young men from Station WMAQ for \$100,000. What it charges the Pepsodent Company for the two nightly performances is not known, but the sum is undoubtedly gladly paid by the latter since the sales of its tooth paste have increased three hundred per cent as a result of this publicity. While this is an outstanding case, it is not an isolated one. Don Carney's "Main Street Sketches" have a similar popularity. They have been imitated before almost every microphone in the country, but they retain the allegiance of the radio audience to such an extent that no knowing advertiser will consider the hour of 8:00 p.m. on Tuesday, when this feature is broadcast from Station WOR, as a favorable period for his own program.

Such periods and many others are filled in by the various stations with what is known as "sustaining programs." These are supplied because the stations deem an uninterrupted flow of sound necessary to retain the interest of the audience. Since this is an item of expense instead of profit, it is kept as low as possible. Every known trick of getting something for nothing is utilized: in the smaller towns budding or broken-down tenors and sopranos are permitted to flat their way through familiar arias, if they will do it gratis; local orators and politicians are encouraged to pour their platitudes into the "mike;" night club and restaurant orchestras are asked for their services in return for the publicity which the announcer gives them. The larger stations use these means with a certain amount of circumspection. Their favorite method of filling up the vacant hours is the exploitation of the lesser-known artists who in the hope of getting lucrative engagements from advertisers, through the agency of the stations, accept pitifully small remuneration for their services.

Thus, for one reason or another the inferior work of mediocrities predomi-

nates in present-day broadcasts. Ignorance, economy and ballyhoo are partly to blame, but the American masses are chiefly responsible. The advertiser who wishes to reach the lower classes would be foolish indeed if he presented a program which would have any appeal to an intelligent mind. This does not mean that such programs are entirely absent from the air in America.

There are public-spirited individuals and firms that have made available to the radio some of the best things we have in music—without regard to the advertising returns. Others, like the Canadian Pacific Railway and the National Carbon Company, have found to their surprise a sufficiently large and appreciative audience for their tentative bid to the cultured few to place the folk-songs of the Lucerne-in-Quebec hour and the sacred music of the Eveready hour among the most popular features of the weekly programs. Damrosch and Toscanini and Stokowski make regular contributions to broadcasting. In other fields it is also possible to find intelligent and important programs. But marked as they are by superior character and craftsmanship, they are too often lost in the tremendous racket made by the others.

"THE GOLDEN AGE of music has arrived. . . . Give me three years and I will make America the most musical country in the world," said the optimistic Walter Damrosch when he first began his programs, but I fear that he forgot that the jazz-ers and the blues-ers and the sheer incompetents would also have these three years. Certainly he would not consider America musically-minded because the electrical refrigerator companies favor selections from Grieg and because the Mobile Oil announcer said his orchestra would play a symphony by this northern composer to remind his listeners that it was time to use anti-freeze compound in the cars.

One need not go farther than the analysis of the seven million dollars spent through the National Broadcasting Company in 1928 to realize that Mr. Damrosch has not yet succeeded in making his wish come true. This expenditure, though greatly increased in the past year, is divided among the various features in approximately the same ratio:

15 per cent (36 hours per week) for "jazz." (This is pure dance music and does not include the jazz under other classifications.)

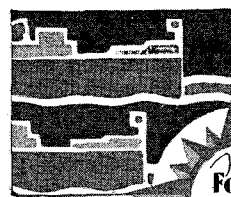
28 per cent to "classical" music. (Anything from *Mother Machree* to *Manon*, from the *Eroica* to *An American in Paris* comes under that heading.)

10 per cent to "novelty and ballad."

4 per cent to "band music."

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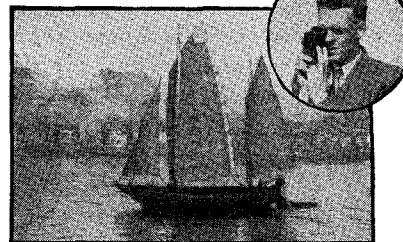
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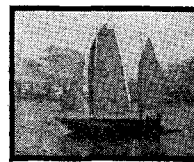
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2 per cent to "drama." (Specially written for the radio and almost incredibly bad.)

14 per cent for "balanced features." (This includes the typical commercial variety program of orchestral and individual music, speakers and comedians.)

8 per cent to "religion."

6 per cent to "educational programs." (Sometimes this means "Italian lessons;" sometimes a talk on ballet dancing "through the courtesy of the newly reconstructed and renovated studios of X—Y—.")

6 per cent to "women's programs." (Mainly styles, and menus advertising articles of apparel and food products.)

4 per cent to "health material."

And "between five to twenty-five hours per week for national events." (This ranges from a heavy-weight championship fight to a presidential address or a Lindbergh welcome.)

It is difficult to give those who have not listened to the general run of programs thus analyzed any conception of the blather and bunk, ignorance and vulgarity which are bellowed into the microphone. I am certain that any half hour would yield a choicer collection of howlers than the samples I here set down since I withhold the tid-bits for fear of being disbelieved:

"Emerson, the greatest philosopher the world has ever known since Jesus Christ, the Saviour, is really a member of our church," announces the pastor of a new cult. . . . "Fifty-eight per cent of all sickness are respiratory ailments, and for these we furnish the curative treatments," claims a medical charlatan. . . . "Do not attract another woman's husband or another man's wife; it makes trouble," discovers a featured adviser of home problems. . . . "Z and Co., experts in cleaning rugs and carpets offer Sweet Liza, a popular classical selection." . . . "The only way you can stop worrying is to know that there is nothing to worry about because God's whole career is in man," reveals one natural philosopher. . . . A philosophic naturalist declares, "The world's history needs to be rewritten from the point of view of the four hundred billion insects who form its greatest population. Then we shall know who will inherit the earth, man or bug." . . . "Though an operation failed to do so, six weeks' use of our machine (a patent medicine fraud) completely cured a terribly bad case of piles." . . . For the woman who cares, a stylist announces that "sable and caracul represent gentility in furs." . . . "A bulletin of Z—'s tomato recipes tells you all about the dozens of vital vitamins in tomatoes, and oh, it has such a pretty picture," gushes an expert dietician. . . . "The Saviour took an interest in the practicalities of things. If you think of them monopolizedly, you will be happy and successful," is the lucid message of

X—, who is announced as "a professional psychologist whose daily inspirational talk introduces his course of mental treatments, "On How to Be a Success in Life!"

Such is the radio pabulum for the three million persons who spent \$850,000,000 for sets and equipment last year, for their eight million predecessors, and their families and friends variously estimated between twenty-five and seventy-five million, according to the enthusiasm of the statistician. The salesman of radio advertising is, of course, most enthusiastic. He offers the merchant this vast audience capable of being moved



Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of July 12, 1950

The report of the Peter Commission on the conciliation of India was made public Tuesday. The most important recommendation of the Commission is that the British government should, in 1960, permit the natives to wear turbans of material made in India.

Senator Dallas accused the Byrd Refrigerating Corporation of monopolizing the business of supplying North Pole refrigeration by pipe line to the United States.

With appropriate ceremony and oration by the president of the National Highway Beauty Preservation Association, the last known large rural bill-board in America was soaked in kerosene and burned.

In spite of the protest of the American Legion, House Bill 444 was passed by an overwhelming majority this week providing for pensions for World War Veterans' grand-children suffering from measles, chicken-pox and croup.



and convinced as no printed page can move and convince. He points out that the public loves its radio artists and that it responds to their appeal with more love and orders. As a matter of fact, for particular persons and programs, his claims and calculations are true. The incidental tests always bear him out.

Thus, for instance, the fifty hours which the Republican and Democratic parties each used during the last presidential campaign at a total cost of \$1,300,000.00 brought to the Democratic headquarters more than 10,000 telegrams, a quarter of a million letters, and about \$600,000 in cash contributions. The Republicans reported about 100,000 letters and "heavy" contributions. A talk by Alfred W. McCann on the dangers of sulphur in molasses and his recommendation of "Grandma

Molasses" brought such a flood of orders for this particular brand that the Great Atlantic & Pacific Company, which had for years resisted the sales efforts of the American Molasses company to introduce their product in the A & P stores, immediately arranged for its national distribution. The New York Edison company furnishes an interesting testimonial in the report than on the night the Sharkey-Stribling bout was broadcast from Florida consumption of electric current rose as high as 54,000 kilowatts above normal and was far above normal from 9:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m., indicating a continued use of the radio by a vast number. Such instances can be multiplied a thousandfold until the doubt whether a nation two-thirds of whose workers earn less than \$2,000 a year will accept a \$170 (the average price) luxury seems absurd, anti-democratic parsimony.

The theory that the maximum ownership of radio receivers will improve the character of broadcast matter seems to me equally ridiculous. So long as broadcasting is dependent on popular approval and private control, it will take no steps forward. Dr. Lee de Forest, president of the Institute of Radio Engineers and one of the most important contributors to the development of radio in the world, declared in the New York Times that "the present deplorable situation of radio advertising can be cured. It is of prime importance to the radio industry that it should be cured—and no less important to the broadcaster, manufacturer and merchant of radio equipment." He then outlined a simple plan to improve American broadcasting. But he concluded his explanation with the words, "I fear, however, that this plan must remain Utopian for years to come."

Russia Reaches Out

(Continued from Page 405)

Hague, Italy, partly as a reward for this, pledged itself to buy approximately a million tons of English coal each year.

Nevertheless, political observers believe that Russian coal may yet find its way to Italian factories. Mussolini is more and more alienating all his European neighbors by his truculent attitudes. While it is true that Communist and Fascist orators like to make faces at each other, the Russian and Italian governments have a good deal more sympathy for each other than you might imagine. It should not be forgotten that Italy was one of the first major powers to recognize the Soviets.

The driving force behind Russia's

passionate search for additional foreign markets is its celebrated Five Year Plan. Two years ago, the Russian leaders decided they would industrialize Russia within five years. The same process, in Western Europe and America, has taken a century and a quarter. The Russian leaders, however, propose to import rolling mills, airplane factories, tractor plants—whatever is needed—bodily from abroad. Russia must pay for these things, since no capitalist nation will lend Russia any money nor give it more than a few weeks' credit, with wheat, lumber and coal.

The Russian leaders are willing to make almost any sacrifice to ensure the fulfillment of the Five Year Plan. It is very dear to them, partly because of sentiment. Karl Marx wrote that the social revolution must come in an industrial country. He was living in London, and English industrialism seemed too horrible to last. Orthodox Marxists have always found it extremely mystifying that the social revolution, when it finally arrived, came in Russia—the most completely agricultural country in the world. Until Russia is covered with sooty factories, they will have an uneasy feeling that the revolution isn't authentic.

The great reason for the devotion of the Russian leaders to the Five Year Plan, however, is that it means power. In the last few years, two of Russia's diplomats, one in Geneva and one in Warsaw, have been shot and killed. Its consulates and trade missions have been raided in New York, London, Berlin and China. These things are symbols of Russia's present defenselessness. Until Russia has munition factories and military railroads, no one will fear the Russian army.

As soon as Russia is industrialized, however, it will immediately become one of the great powers. Here is the reason why the Russians, in their eagerness for foreign markets, are ready to undersell all competitors. If they can import machines, and more machines—"tools to make tools"—they will shortly be able to dispute with the British Empire and the United States for the mastery of the world. Playing for such a stake as this, the Russian leaders, if they feel they must have a dynamo for some hydro-electric dam, cannot stop to bargain. It can make no difference to them whether they have to give in exchange ten thousand board feet of lumber, or twenty five thousand. They are in a desperate hurry, and they have forests which stretch for a thousand miles.

So far, under the Five Year Plan, Russia has made astonishing progress. All over the face of Russia, factories

are rising; freight trains, somewhat erratically, are dashing about, tractors are digging up the virgin prairie. This is another, and not inconsiderable, cause of the determination of the Russian leaders to see the Five Year Plan through. They have come to have exactly the same feeling towards their country that an American realtor has towards his favorite suburban development. They get intense pleasure just from watching the thing grow. About a year ago, it was decided it would be good business to create a silk industry. Mulberry trees were procured, roots, dirt and all. This summer millions of little silkworms are contentedly munching away in the south of Russia.

The day is coming—and perhaps it is not long distant, either—when Russia's new factories will begin pouring out goods. The Soviet government, since it controls every factory, directly or indirectly, can sell these goods abroad and, exactly as it does now with agricultural products and raw materials, underbid its competitors.

IF you recall your school geography, you will remember Russia crouched in the middle of Asia, with four important and interesting countries clinging to its flanks. Reading from east to west, these countries are China, India, Persia and Turkey. None of them, in comparison with Europe or America, is a large consumer of manufactured goods. Their populations are poor, and can afford to buy little.

In modern mass production, however, profits come often from the last ten per cent of a manufacturer's output. A large number of capitalist manufacturers, at the present time, are accustomed to sell this last ten per cent of theirs in China, India, Persia and Turkey. These countries have a value which is all out of proportion to their actual buying power in keeping mass production, particularly in Europe, at a high and profitable level. If Russia should succeed in capturing the markets in these four countries, Europe would feel the loss very keenly, and even the distant United States would not be unaffected.

Many observers believe that Russia's political necessities—or what Russia thinks are its political necessities—will lead it to invade the markets of these four countries at the earliest possible moment. Russia and Japan are already struggling, politically, over the carcass of China, and the Chinese themselves are divided in two factions. The officials of Chiang Kai Shek's Nanking government, and the most astute Chinese leaders generally, are disposed to be friendly to Japan. One reason is that Japan

is ready to supply China with the machinery and goods which it needs to rebuild its shattered economic structure. If the Soviet government could enter the Chinese market, and offer better terms than the Japanese bankers and merchants are offering, the Chinese leaders might feel differently. If Russia's economic strength continues to increase at its present rate, you may see China drawing away from Japan and accepting, as less onerous, the political tutelage of Russia.

Russia also has designs on Mahatma Gandhi's India. The moment the Soviet government is in a position to export manufactured goods, it will be very glad to aid India in becoming economically independent of England. If Gandhi is successful in obtaining real tariff autonomy for India, it is not unlikely that Russian goods will begin flooding in, and when that happens, the rage of English manufacturers will know no bounds. The English government again will have bad dreams of the Bear That Walks Like A Man.

The Soviet government has already attempted the interpenetration of Persia and Turkey. In Turkey it has done very well, both politically and commercially. In Persia, Great Britain is entrenched—entrenched more firmly than it is in India. Russia has been able to make no progress in Persia.

Russia, itself, is a country of 180,000,000 people, now living under most primitive conditions. Its people need cotton cloth for dresses and shirts and underclothing. They need boots and shoes. They need pots and pans and carpets and window-glass. They need almost everything that goes to make up our modern standard of living. It will take all of Russia's factories, present and prospective, many years to supply

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the needs of the Russian people.

If the Soviet government goes ahead and sells cotton cloth to India, it will be sending out of the country something which its own people want. The lumber which it is sending abroad now, could well be used to replace squalid huts. It is perfectly true that a commercial invasion of India would be to Russia's political advantage, and that the government is selling lumber abroad in order to buy machinery which will ultimately benefit the whole nation. The fact remains that the Russian people are working very hard, and that they are not being permitted to consume—by a great deal—the full products of their labor. In other words, the Russian people have a low wage scale.

How low this wage is, it is difficult to say with exactness. The Russian worker receives governmental subsidies, such as pensions and medical care, which make comparisons with other countries hazardous. Most estimates place the Russian wage at about one tenth the American average. Whether the Soviet government's anxiety to sell cheaply abroad is the cause of this low wage, or whether the low wage is the cause of the government's selling cheaply, is much like the argument about the hen and the egg. The important thing is that the wage is extremely low, and that it is a potent factor in the government's commercial strength. If an American manufacturer could obtain raw materials by right of eminent domain, and in addition need only pay his employees one tenth of what his competitors did, he also would be able to undersell the world.

There are certain observers who believe that this low wage level cannot last long in Russia. They believe that the Soviet government cannot prevent wages from rising, and that a high wage scale must destroy Russia's present superiority in foreign trade. A higher standard of living would mean that the government would be obliged to use its export balances to buy consumption goods abroad, toilet articles, manufactured foods, (it is almost impossible to obtain coffee in Moscow, today) novelty jewelry, proprietary medicines and similar amenities of modern life. In order to import a sufficient quantity of these consumption goods, Russia, instead of being able to sell cheaply, would have to obtain the best prices possible for its exports.

Other observers disagree with this prognosis. They predict that the Soviet government will be able to maintain the present wage level for a long time to come. They point out that it was able to induce ten thousand young men, last

winter, to go into the woods as volunteers to cut timber. During the abolished Christmas holidays, several thousand students volunteered to unload box cars in the Moscow railway yards. The government was able to make these people work, and work hard, simply by making speeches to them.

It may be noted that here in the United States there are corporations which, instead of raising their salesmen's wages, are accustomed to give them "pep talks." Many American corporations, in order to keep their wage levels low, distribute inspirational literature, hold "get-together meetings" and give annual dances. In Russia, this practice is being expanded to vast proportions. Workers receive low wages, but they can march in parades and carry banners. They can make speeches themselves, as well as listen to them, and sing songs. They may not—to quote an ancient ballad—make much money, but they have a lot of fun. Furthermore, it is constantly impressed upon them that, by working for low wages, they are defending Russia and the revolution against the foreign capitalists—which in a sense they are. They are fighters on the "economic front," and heroes. They are paid, not in money, but in glory.

Most observers are puzzled to know what the other nations of the world can do to defend themselves against Russia's drive for foreign markets. Tariff walls cannot keep Russian goods out, unless the tariffs are completely prohibitive. In that case, unless the tariffs can be framed to apply to Russia alone, all foreign commerce will be destroyed. Anti-dumping laws seem to be useless, because of Russia's low and uncertain costs of production.

International cartels—to include all the rest of the world combined—might succeed in halting Russia. The formation of such cartels, however, does not at present seem possible. Many European statesmen and soldiers favor military defeat and conquest. This was tried by the Allied and Associated Powers in 1920-1, and proved to be a costly failure. Russia is now growing more formidable with each month that passes. Perhaps the only practicable solution is to wait, hoping that the Russian worker will develop a taste for radios, Model A Fords and loafing.



"The Rest" versus Jones

(Continued from Page 420)

won the National Open from fields that included Atlanta's golfing automaton. Perhaps Interlachen will add another name to that list. At all events, Sarazen voiced professional sentiment when he said: "I don't hanker to be known as champion of all America, Bobby Jones excepted."

MANY professionals do resent, however, what they consider the U.S.G.A.'s coddling of Bobby Jones. The "pros" feel that they are discriminated against in the matter of starting times, protection from galleries, and the interpretation of rules technicalities. They believe that Jones gets preferred starting hours. He is never asked to tee up at an inconveniently early hour, or forced to go out as twilight deepens. Invariably Bobby draws the choicest playing times. To this charge the committee can retort logically enough—"We must cater to the public. Jones is the supreme drawing card. Since we sell admissions, we must adjust Jones' playing times to popular convenience."

The "pros" also object to the unofficial "guard of honor" (composed of U.S.G.A. officials) which accompanies Jones on his rounds, protecting him from interference. They interpret this moving shield as an unfair advantage. Nice points in the rules—such as unplayable lies, ground under repair, and peculiar local exigencies—can be cleared up for Bobby on the spur of the moment. He is never left in doubt regarding obscure technicalities.

Certain professionals believe that Cruickshank's concentration was affected, his morale broken, by an episode on the twelfth green of the Inwood play-off, when U.S.G.A. officials reprimanded the little Scot for smoothing the line of his putt. The latter claims he was merely removing flotsam in a legal manner.

As some wag remarked—"this open championship is really an invitation tournament. Each year the leading professionals are invited to compete against Bobby Jones. When Bob doesn't trim them all he finishes second."

Such cracks as Diegel, Hagen, Sarazen, Farrell, Armour, Mehlhorn, Shute, and Horton Smith have accepted the invitation this week at Interlachen, but none the less Lloyds of London is frankly worried. You may recall that Lloyds offered insurance against Jones winning the four major titles of 1930 on a basis approximating fifty to one odds. With the two British crowns already packed

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away in Bobby's kit bag, lucky policy
holders expect to cash in handsomely.
Cruikshank, exhibiting an audacity
that doesn't smack of Scotch thrift, has
already run an original investment of
\$125 into a paper profit of \$5,000 by
parlaying bets on Jones. He will let this
sum ride on Bobby at Interlachen hop-
ing to quadruple his winnings.

The cumulative nerve strain of St.
Andrews, Hoylelake, and that conquering-
hero's welcome in New York, with cas-
cades of ticker tape, a Whalenian hand-
shake and a speech by Jimmy Walker
thrown in, may prove Jones' undoing at
Interlachen, but that uncanny putting
touch discounts many a tired hook. As
one professional remarked: "Bobby
wouldn't putt like that if his bread and

butter depended on getting the ten
footers down!"

Irving Babbitt; Calvinist

(Continued from Page 423)

Babbitt's Humanism, tells me that Pro-
fessor Babbitt is the finest scholar of
French literature in America and one of
the finest in the world. Walter Lipp-
mann, formerly a student of Babbitt's
and now outlawed from Humanism be-
cause he is that terrible thing, a monist,
tells me that Babbitt is a first-rate
teacher just because he is hard and un-
sentimental, thus forcing his students
to make sure of their values.

Upon the occasion of my interview I
found him somewhat harsh and twangy,

too sure of his dogma and showing how
unused he had become to contradiction,
and yet ready and eager to give an ex-
position of the main outline of his tenet
to any one in whom he sensed a possible
convert. He is a propagandist for a way
of life which is the rationalization of
his own qualities and limitations, but by
his emphasis on exclusion and excom-
munication he has pointed rather to his
arrogance of mind, his poverty of spirit,
the limitations of his sympathies and the
rigidity of his will. He disclosed him-
self in his visit to New York as a moral
pedant whom the unaccustomed light of
publicity rendered provincially gawky.
He is a citizen of Geneva, not of the
world. He is Calvinism applied to lit-
erature, the arts, philosophy and science.

With Our Readers

Candide from Kansas

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent:* Clearwater, Kansas

SIR—Why the "Voltaire from Kansas?" In your June 25th issue, Mr. Louis Adamic heads his article with the catch phrase, "Voltaire from Kansas." He thus aligns himself with Haldeman-Julius in his choice of bizarre captions, and appeals to the extra-conventional and agnostic tendencies of a large part of the reading public. Furthermore, I fail to see any parallelism in the intellect nor in the methods of Haldeman-Julius and Voltaire.

DR. B. C. BEAL.

Correction

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent:* New York

SIR—Mr. Harris' reprimand is not unjustified. In my article I confused the McCabe pamphlet "Did Jesus Ever Live" with another treatise, entitled "The Christ Myth" by another writer—George Brandes, I believe—which Haldeman-Julius published years ago.

LOUIS ADAMIC.

Chronic Unemployment

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent:* Los Gatos, Calif.

SIR—The Outlook has come of the last few years to be the best weekly in America. Especially in your fair treatment of Russia and the Russians does the magazine stand out from the ruck of the cheap stuff most of our scribblers give us about that country. . . .

The only page of the Outlook with which I quarrel is 143 by one Scroggs. Can't you people see that we have reached a stage of chronic overproduction and chronic unemployment? There can be no more "good times" except for a very brief period, unless there is another war. Machinery has glutted every market, and where you now have four millions of unemployed you'll have six if the Canadians dump their surplus wheat on the market.

Unless you cut down the week to five days and the day to six hours you'll soon have six million unemployed anyhow. And that is going right on. Why not place the Outlook on that trail—the five day week and the five hour day. Four millions of men unemployed at five dollars a day is twenty million dollars a day spent on goods. What's the matter with that for a market?

ANONYMOUS.

Wisdom in Washington

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent:* Cedar Rapids, Iowa

SIR—I wish to thank you for your criticism of the present Senate and House. Surely a greater set of men ignorant of the sociology, politics, economics and history of their native land has never been assembled before in any governing body either of the United States or any other country in the world. It is tragic that the intelligent people of this country tolerate it. Mr. Insull and Mr. Ford are fine examples of pure Americanism. I am especially impressed with the public mindedness and philanthropy of Mr. Ford who has established factories all over the world when our unemployment here reaches the colossal figure of four million, and then has his goods shipped here without duty to be sold at high American prices.

DR. R. WISTEIN.

Advice to Wets

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent:* Lenox, Mass.

SIR—As a dry I have difficulty in restraining a feeling of cynicism as to the sincerity of the arguments of the wets. The body of wet opinion in this country seems to me to be actuated more by appetite than by idealism. Yet I know that there are many valid arguments against prohibition, sponsored by sincere wets. The strongest logical position for a wet, and that most likely

to affect the attitude of a reasonable dry, is that of obedience to the law as it now stands, especially in personal habits, while making every legitimate effort to effect its repeal. But few wets (though I know some) are willing to sacrifice desires or appetites—or sacrifice anything, so far as I can see—to advance their cause with the conscientious dries.

I should welcome any wet newspaper or magazine which should take this stand as one whose arguments I could respect. This emphasis, so far as I know, would be almost a novelty among the wets, and would be undertaken only by a magazine or newspaper capable of sincere constructive leadership. This attitude would gain so much more of a hearing for wet views among the fair-minded dries. If the editors of the Outlook and Independent could give such pledge of good faith and sincerity, the columns of the paper would mean very much more to its dry readers.

WALTER H. CLARK.

A Bad Name

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent:* Garrochales, Porto Rico

SIR—Referring to the editorial in the issue of June 11th, "Advice to Wets," the title, "Wet," is a deterring handicap. Why allow one's enemy to provide one's title? Wet can never stand for moderation, temperance and self-control; it is too thoroughly associated with the saloon and excessive drinking.

The title of Christian is hardly a simile, though given in contempt; yet it stood for unquestioned high ideals and was inseparable from the Christ, a title to be proud of, even in the face of contempt.

Wet is quite different. Who wants to rally under such a banner? The friends of temperance need to determine their own title and standard—a title and standard that is definitive and appealing, that would carry whatever of inspiration the cause really possessed, that would attract to its support in accord with its true worth. Wet is repelling.

Porto Rico went overwhelmingly prohibitionist, largely from the appeal of the banners. The voter was asked to vote under, either the "Rum-Bottle" or the "Cocoanut," and as the cocoanut stands for food, drink (wholesome and nourishing) and shelter, few were found who chose to vote against it. Until an appropriate title and standard is found and adopted, the cause of Temperance, which is moderation and self-control, will be slow in progress.

Advice (?) to all. "Be courageous. Be honest. Be loyal. Vote seriously according to your best judgment." But get on to high ground with a title and standard none need to be ashamed of and that needs no apology.

WALTER H. WOODSUM.

"Full of Personal Liberty"

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent:* Redlands, Calif.

SIR—I do not consider your magazine independent for I think you have sold out to the wets. I cannot see how any one who claims an atom of intelligence would make such disgusting, threadbare, ridiculous, false statements as you do, for any one who has a speck of gray matter knows they are as false as the "father of lies." You rant and rave about prohibition but it would be to your credit if you would do something worthwhile, instead of trying to tear down our Constitution. Do you think our country cannot enforce her laws? If the prohibition law must be repealed because it is violated, then let's repeal all laws. Did you ever hear of a man being a better husband or father because he was under the influence of drink? Would you like to ride in an auto with a drunken driver at the wheel or ride in an airplane with a drinking pilot? Or ride on a train with an engineer full of personal liberty? Unless you are willing to do all of these, you are a hypocrite, for if one man can have his liquor then all should be free to drink when and where they wish. If your brain was not muddled you would talk with some sense perhaps. What have you and your ilk ever done to help our country be a better place in which to live?

. . . You pretend that you publish both sides of prohibition, but I'll guarantee that you have

had as many or more dry letters than wet ones, but they found the waste basket. Fair? You do not know the meaning of the word, and the letters you have published are such silly ones usually, but they are in keeping with your editorials. If all you wets are not satisfied with our country just go where you can drink your weak, silly selves to death and America will be better off without you. Such citizens are a detriment to any civilized nation. Some day you will be called upon to give an account of deeds done here, and I can imagine you will feel pretty small and mean when confronted with all the wet falsehoods and depraved stories you have published—then you will wish you had tried to help people to a higher plane instead of dragging them down by deception. . .

ELSIE GILLET GILES.

Mistaken New York

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent:* Charlotte, N. C.

SIR—I feel that you are mistaken regarding the pulse of the people at large in regard to prohibition. While New York has repealed its enforcement act and has apparently given no real support to trying out prohibition, I do not feel that New York can give a fair opinion.

At the same time, my observation has been that there is very much less drunkenness in New York City, even, under these circumstances than when there were saloons. I visit New York, and have been doing so for the past forty years, at frequent intervals—as often sometimes as once a month—and I see practically no drunkenness now, when it was a common thing in the saloon days to see it.

While the poll, by the Literary Digest, would seem to indicate a wet majority, this to my mind is not at all conclusive. When it comes to the real elections, I think we will see that the desire of the nation is for clean, upright citizens, and will be shown strongly, as in the past, for prohibition. . . .

J. B. IVEY.

Plea for Moderation

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent:* Sullivan, Mo.

SIR—Tut, tut, Mr. Editor. You should do all you can to soothe the excited and hysterical, but never give in to them. It appears to me that the people who are for prohibition see only the corner saloon, and so lose their heads over the situation. In all fairness, I must admit that too many people on the other side who prate over the rights and privileges of citizens do so on no logical grounds of their own, but badly repeat what others have said. The people who see nothing more than the old condition do not realize that there are other ways out.

For myself, I do not care whether there is or is not liquor in the country, but at the same time I think the present source of alcohol could be distinctly improved upon. I do not believe it would be wise (in fact I think it would be most unwise) to revert to former conditions, but I think the law should be modified. Uphold the law as long as it is a law, but modify it as soon as possible.

The pity of the whole thing is that both sides are too heavily encumbered with non-thinking fanatics. If only they could be relegated to some special meeting place, they might soon tire of hearing each other prattle nonsense. This would give those who know the situation (I don't, but I am willing to listen) a chance to come to a decision.

A. G. WESTERBERG.

Rustic Humor

To the Editor of the *Outlook and Independent:* Kinderhook, N. Y.

SIR—I was shown by a friend my letter which you printed in this week's issue of your periodical. I was amused as well as he, when I told him that you forgot or intentionally omitted to print that it was addressed to Frantic Rufus Bellowmy, editor of the Dirty Outlook.

E. B. TOEDT.